

# THE DIAL.

Vol. I.

MARCH, 1860.

No. 3.

## THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Third Article.]

### JESUS AND CHRIST.

WHICH, then, is the historical Christ, that of Matthew, or that of John? In other words, which is the historical Gospel, the first, or the fourth?—a question this which may be decided on purely scientific grounds. All must assent to the reasonableness of the following proposition: When two biographical narratives of the same person lie before us, historical probability is overwhelmingly on the side of that one which least betrays a speculative interest, that looks beyond the legitimate object of history, and may therefore bias historical representation. And the presumption is very strong that a work which does betray such an interest can not be historical.

Now, the fourth Gospel opens with the formal announcement of a philosophical doctrine. It proposes a Theme: that theme is the Logos, its nature and its manifestation. And this subject, as we have seen, is never lost sight of in a single chapter, but is pursued from the beginning to the end; every fact inconsistent with the ruling thought that Christ is the Logos being carefully omitted, and other matter calculated to illustrate this idea being as carefully inserted. Aiming to exhibit Christ as an angelic being, the writer says nothing of his mortal birth, of his baptism, temptation, physical suffering, intellectual limitation or spiritual grief,—points that are prominent in the more natural and simple story of Matthew; and he throughout ascribes attributes to Jesus of a physical and metaphysical kind which Matthew, it is plain, never imagined. There is a general, antecedent and weighty reason for

questioning the historical character of the Gospel. The book can not be regarded as historical that is written under the guidance of a *theory*, and deliberately assumes a dogmatical position.

This point demands further illustration. The more closely we examine the Gospel of John, the more evident it becomes that the author, in accordance with his view of the nature and mission of Jesus, not only omits and inserts at pleasure, choosing the materials best suited to his purpose, but takes the liberty of working over his materials, thus compelling facts to acquiesce in theories — a proceeding wholly inadmissible in biography. Take, for example, the miracle at Bethesda. The historical material is borrowed, undoubtedly, from Matthew ix. 2-8, and Mark ii. 3-12; but in John v. the scene is painted in much more vivid colors, the personages are introduced with far more circumstance, and, more than all that, new points are added which more completely adapt the incident to the writer's aim. The sick man, instead of being "one sick of the palsy, lying on a bed," is an "impotent who had an infirmity thirty-eight years;" instead of being a man who is laboriously brought to Christ for cure, he is one of "a great multitude of impotent folk, blind, halt, withered," who has no hope of being delivered from his suffering. The cure, moreover, according to John, is wrought on the Sabbath, and the scene of it is laid at the miraculous pool of Bethesda. These alterations in the original tradition are not made for the sake merely of producing an effect: each had its dogmatic significance. Immediately after the healing, Jesus, in answer to the Jews, asserts two propositions touching himself: that he does what his Father does, and that all quickening power is dispensed at his own free will. Can we fail to see that these thoughts have determined the shape of the narrative? Is it not in illustration of the text, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," that the scene of the cure is laid in a spot noted for miraculous influences, which an "angel of the Lord" frequented, and where all possible diseases were healed by a supernatural agitation of the water? By working a miracle at this place, Christ puts himself on a line with the continuous working of God, and thus declares in fact what he afterwards declares in word, that he does what his Father does. Again, it is in proof of the Son's prerogative to "raise up whom he will," that Jesus chooses this man arbitrarily from a multitude of invalids, leaving the rest to their fate. Thus the miracle, which in Matthew and

Mark was but a common wonder, such as an Old Testament prophet might have done, is a symbolical act, exhibiting the divine power and the absolute authority of Christ. The literal fact is made subservient to the spiritual idea.

The story of the resurrection of Lazarus offers another and a better instance of this writer's free use of historical materials. It is strange that this very artificial narrative should have so high a reputation for simplicity and naturalness—strange that there should be those who appeal to its *naïveté* as sufficient evidence of its authenticity. In fact, the Gospels contain no more suspicious narrative than this. The silence of the synoptics alone is a grave objection to its truth. It would seem to be impossible that Matthew, Mark and Luke should have been ignorant of so stupendous and conspicuous a miracle. It is altogether impossible that, knowing of it, they should have passed it by so utterly. They, too, we know, mention resurrections,—but none so astounding as this one. All three of the synoptics tell us that Jesus called the daughter of Jairus back to life, immediately after her decease, when the vital breath had scarcely left her, and the mourners in the death-chamber were raising their doleful cry. Luke tells us how Jesus, near the little village of Nain, raised from the bier on its way to the sepulchre the form of a young man, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow"—a more interesting case than the other, inasmuch as the lad had been longer dead than the archon's daughter; and the circumstance of his being the only son of a widow adds to the pathos of the story. But the resurrection of Lazarus is far more interesting and overwhelming than either of these. The account is more circumstantial and more touching. The deceased Lazarus is the brother of two sisters, in whose little household Jesus was a frequent and beloved guest,—and the dear friend of Jesus himself. Nothing that could move the feelings is wanting. The disconsolate Martha, Mary dissolved in tears, the little family circle broken up, the very Jews weeping, Christ shedding tears of compassion—all combine to make the scene impressive, pathetic and memorable. Then, moreover, the miracle is wrought, not in a remote Galilean town like Capernaum, or an obscure hamlet like Nain, but in the very precincts of Jerusalem, in the face of many witnesses who were enemies of Jesus; some of whom believed on him, while others reported the fact to the Pharisees. The risen Lazarus goes abroad at Passover time, when the city

was full of strangers. We hear of him as supping with his sisters and Jesus, some of his disciples, if not all, being of the company. The Jews throng to Bethany to see the man who had come up from the grave. The chief priests form a new conspiracy against his life. All these circumstances distinguish the miracle above any other recorded by either of the Evangelists.

Consider, too, of what moment this act was in the history of Jesus himself. It was the turning point of his career: it marked the crisis of his destiny, whose catastrophe follows immediately upon it with rapid movement. In consequence of this miracle the populace resorts in crowds to Bethany; there is great curiosity and confusion, immense enthusiasm is excited, and Jesus is borne triumphantly into Jerusalem. In consequence of this miracle the chief priests and Pharisees hold counsel, and Caiaphas recommends that Jesus be seized and put to death. Command is given to apprehend him wherever he might be. Lazarus is also doomed. In fact, the fate of Christ is sealed by this act. Nothing stands between it and the arrest save the speeches contained in chapters xii., xiii., xiv., xv., xvi. and xvii., which neither hasten nor retard the conclusion of the drama. Yet of all this the other biographers are silent. They know of no such miracle. They know of no such occasion for the excitement of the populace or the alarm of the chief priests. They ascribe the triumphal entrance of Christ into Jerusalem to the necessity of fulfilling an ancient prophecy. According to them, the tumult, the suspicion, the plots and persecutions, the arrest and crucifixion, are all occasioned by the mere presence of Christ in the metropolis, which he had never visited before, having confined his ministry to the country districts. The other Evangelists, then, had never heard of the resurrection of Lazarus. And if they had never heard of it, we may fairly conclude that no such event took place.

The account of the miracle at Cana is symbolical. The author proposes to describe the first manifestation of Christ's glory, by which he revealed himself to his disciples, gained their belief, and bound them to his person. For the scene of this display he chooses a small town in Galilee, and imagines a festive scene in a private family circle. Jesus, who in Matthew calls himself a "bridegroom," assumes at a wedding the bridegroom's duty of supplying his guests with the best, and shows the fulness of his grace (i. 14-17) by pouring out streams of costly and miraculous wine.



Note, too, the way in which the wine is produced, and its significance: Not only is it converted water, but the vessels containing the water—the “six water-pots of stone containing two or three firkins apiece”—are vessels of purification placed there for a religious purpose, to which their contents, therefore, were destined. The water which Jesus changes into wine is, then, in some sense *holy* water, used for the ritual cleansing of the Jews, and symbolical as well of the baptism by which the proselyte entered the Jewish Church as of the sacred ablutions which kept him free from ceremonial sin. For this water, then, cold, applied only to the surface of the body, salutary for the skin, but giving no warmth to the blood, Christ substitutes the “new wine” of the spirit, the most costly, gladdening to the heart, quickening and inspiring to the soul. The outward ceremony is displaced by the inward life; the baptism of water is succeeded by the baptism of the Holy Ghost; the grace of Jesus Christ follows and transforms the law of Moses; John with his baptism of purifying preparation yields to Him who comes from heaven and gives eternal life to all who believe on Him.

The dates of the last supper and the crucifixion furnish another example of the extreme freedom with which the writer of the fourth Gospel uses his historical materials. The first three Evangelists tell us with all possible clearness and fulness, that on the 14th day of the month Nisan—the day upon which the Passover lamb was always slain and eaten—Jesus, everything being made ready, duly kept the Passover with his disciples; and, as this was the last time of their sitting at meat together, he instituted upon the basis of the national feast a solemn supper in commemoration of himself. The next day (15th) he was crucified. This account is somewhat confirmed by Paul, who probably drew from the earliest and most reliable tradition, and who says (1 Corin. xi. 23,) that the “supper” was instituted on the night of betrayal.

Now the author of the fourth Gospel dates the crucifixion on the 14th, and relates that Jesus eat his last meal with the disciples on the 13th. This meal is by several tokens identified with the last supper spoken of by the other Evangelists. It is the *last*; Judas leaves the company to consummate his treachery; Peter's recreant denial is foretold. But in one important respect this last supper in John differs from that of Matthew and the others: it is

not the paschal supper. That it is not is conspicuously asserted in the very first verse of chapter xiii.: "*Before* the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come," etc.; and verse 2: "Supper being ended"—not *the* supper, as it would read if the paschal feast were meant. Verse 29 supposes, also, that the time for eating the Passover had not come, for the disciples imagined that Judas went out to buy "those things that were needed against the feast." And again, chapter xviii. 28, when Jesus was led to the judgment hall, "they themselves [the hostile Jews] went not into the judgment hall, lest they should be defiled, as they wished to eat the Passover." The supper that Jesus eat with his disciples could not, therefore, be the paschal feast. Moreover, Jesus, according to this Gospel, institutes no observance in commemoration of himself. The place occupied in Matthew by the breaking of bread and the offering of the cup is supplied by the act of washing the disciples' feet—an incident not mentioned by the other biographers, though it might easily have been suggested by them; especially it reminds us of the words of Christ recorded in Matthew xx. 26, and Luke xxii. 26, 27, of which it seems to be a narrative exposition. According to Luke, it is immediately after the supper; and, in consequence of a strife for precedence, Jesus says to his disciples, "He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve. For which is the greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat? *But I am among you as he that serveth.*" John but translates precept into history, and makes Jesus act out his own words. But, letting this pass, we will look again at the difference between John and the other Evangelists. They assert positively that Jesus ate the Passover with his disciples; that he instituted at the same time an ordinance commemorative of himself; and that he was crucified on the following day—of course, on the 15th of the month. This writer declares with equal positiveness that Jesus did *not* eat the Passover with his disciples, omits all mention of his own commemorative rite, and assigns for the crucifixion the 14th—the very day of eating the Passover. Here is an irreconcilable discrepancy. How shall we account for it? Only by admitting that the author of the fourth Gospel accommodated the facts of history to his preconception of Christ. The story of the first three biographers is simple and probable; it is told without any apparent

purpose aside from the plain truth, and is in one point—that of the commemorative ordinance—confirmed by no less an authority than the apostle Paul. The fourth Evangelist clearly avows a motive for altering this original tradition. His carefully announced theory of Christ's mission obliges him to omit the paschal supper, to omit the commemorative rite, and to date the crucifixion on the 14th; or, rather, to date the crucifixion on the 14th, and *in consequence* to omit the paschal supper and the commemorative rite, which could not fall on the 13th. The writer's theory is, that Christ *himself* was the paschal lamb. He must, therefore, have suffered on the day appointed for the paschal sacrifice; and if so, he could not have eaten of the sacrifice on the same day, being himself at the moment dead. This is the whole secret, and explains naturally enough the altered circumstances and dates of the Gospel!

In the first chapter the Baptist announces Jesus as "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world;" the next day he points him out to two of his disciples, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God." When we come to the crucifixion of Jesus, it is evident that the writer has this image of the paschal lamb in mind. The most remarkable regulation touching the slaughter of the paschal lamb was the prohibition to break a bone thereof (Exodus xii. 46; Numbers ix. 12). Let it be observed now that the most conspicuous feature in the narrative of the crucifixion as given by the fourth Evangelist is the omission to break the bones of Jesus; and this is done "that the scripture (this very scripture of Moses) might be fulfilled." The incident, taken in connection with the reference to Moses, will bear but one interpretation. The passage applies solely to the paschal lamb: the custom was peculiar to the paschal lamb, and both the passage and the custom are satisfied in the death of Christ. The limbs of the malefactors were broken, because the execution must be finished and the bodies removed before the Passover could be religiously eaten. Jesus was found to be already dead, or rather is declared to have been so found, in order that the scripture might be fulfilled. Christ, therefore, is the paschal lamb—the *true* paschal lamb—*real*, not symbolical. The Jewish rite, which was only figurative and prophetic, a type of something to come, was now emptied of its significance and abolished. There would be no propriety in Christ's

eating the Passover in the ancient way, even if the time allowed, seeing that the old symbol had lost its meaning. There would be no propriety in his instituting such an ordinance as is described by the other biographers ; for that being founded upon the ancient Passover, presupposes its permanency. This thought, too, explains the strong figurative language which Jesus used in the sixth chapter—language which has always been applied to the sacrament of the supper : “ Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life ; for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.” Christ as the paschal lamb must be eaten, and whoso eateth him enters into a communion of life with him.

The story of the spear-thrust, equally with the sparing of the limbs, may be treated as an idea embodied in historical form. The stab was not given in order to make sure that Jesus was dead, for it was in consequence of his being dead that his bones were not broken. It was given, by the writer’s sharp fancy, for the purpose of opening a passage to the blood and water from Jesus’ side ; and the flowing forth of blood and water—the symbol of death and the symbol of spiritual life—points to another scripture ; namely, John vii. 38, seq. : “ He that believeth on me, out of his body shall flow streams of living water. And this he spake of the spirit which they that believe on him should receive.” The Holy Spirit was to be given after the death of Christ : the water follows the fatal blood, sure sign of death. Another instance in which the thought creates the fact.

An author who changes dates, transposes events, omits and supplies incidents at pleasure, cannot with strictness be called a historian. As this point is one of considerable moment it will bear further illustration, though in an essay of this kind the evidence can not be displayed in full. The unhistorical character of the discourses in John must be generally manifest.

Can discourses be historically genuine which are so long, so dark and mystical, have so little practical aim, are so void of local allusion, deal so little with any supposable thoughts in the minds of those addressed, and end where they began, establishing no principle and coming to no conclusion ? Can discourses be historically genuine whose drift is purely theological, which formally

assert a speculative idea and serve to glorify the attributes of the speaker? That this is a just description of the discourses in John the attentive reader will perceive and allow.

A book, again, is not historical that deals largely in symbolism. The fourth Gospel abounds in it. Its miracles are symbolical; its ordinary facts, as we have seen, often bear that stamp. The writer shares with the rabbinical writers their fondness for symbolical numbers. The Gospel is divided into *three* parts: 1. The manifestation of the Logos (i. 19: xxi. 12); 2. The strife with unbelief (xi. 13: xii. 50); 3. The death and glorification of Christ (xiii.-xx.). The prologue, again, is in three portions: 1. The original being and action of the Logos (i. 1-3); 2. His entrance into the world (verses 4-13); 3. The full revelation of himself as the only-begotten of the Father (verses 14-18). The first period of Christ's history falls into sections of three days each. On the first day John the Baptist speaks in general terms of the Messiah; on the second, he indicates that Jesus is the person; on the third, two disciples take John's hint and follow Christ to his home. Then begins a new section. On the first day John, Andrew, and Peter become disciples; on the second, Philip and Nathaniel are converted; on the third (xi. 1), occurs the feast at Cana, when Jesus reveals his glory to his followers. The mortal life of Christ occupies *three* years. *Three* times is the Passover kept. At the first, the Lord vaguely prophesies his death (xi. 19); at the second, he explicitly announces it (vi. 48, 51, 62, 70); on the third, he suffers. There are *three* great miracles in Galilee, and *three* in Jerusalem; in each case, the first two are wrought in comparative privacy, while the third is performed in public with great circumstance, and leads to marked results in the Messiah's destiny. It is true that such use of the number three affects only the arrangement of the book, and does not of necessity touch its character. Historical materials may be fancifully combined; but a little suspicion is cast upon the seriousness of a biographer's purpose by a resort to such elaborate and needless artifice.

We find another indication of the unhistorical character of this book in the fact that its narrative is wanting in historical development. There is no onward march of events from the beginning to the close. The life-drama opens at Jerusalem, whither, according to the honest synoptics, Jesus only went to die; and the catastrophe, which impends every moment, is postponed by unac-

countable delays, and warded off by violent intervention. A hand is ever raised to strike ; but the blow does not fall. Jesus lives in the midst of menacing and frightful perils ; yet he escapes uninjured, "*because his hour was not yet come.*" In chapter v., verse 16, as we read, the Jews seek to slay Jesus because he had wrought a miracle on the Sabbath ; but their seeking has no result. His cool reply makes them only more furiously eager to kill him, because he not only works miracles on the Sabbath, but claims an equality with God ; yet this passion seems to waste itself on the air, though its object stands directly before them, within easy reach. Jesus quietly remains, and delivers a long discourse, every paragraph of which is calculated to inflame to the utmost the rage of his enemies : he reproaches them with their unbelief, charges them with having no love of God in their souls, throws their own Scriptures in their teeth, but nothing ensues ; the speech seems to produce no additional effect ; an attempt is not made to kill or even to seize him, and we are left to suppose that the stormy Jews are pacified by stormy speech. In the next chapter (vii.), Christ is once more in Jerusalem, where three separate assaults are made upon him. An announcement of himself as the Messiah is followed by an attempt to take him ; but no man lays hold on him, "*for his hour was not yet come.*" The Pharisees and chief priests send officers to seize him ; but their mission is unaccountably fruitless. While they are making their attempt, others among the people wish to apprehend him ; but no hand touches his person. In chapter viii. the same thing is repeated : Jesus, in a very important case, reverses a decision of the Mosaic law touching adultery, pours rebuke and shame upon the Pharisees, who submit a case to his judgment, and addresses these powerful enemies in a strain that could only aggravate their feeling of bitterness towards him ; but no man lays hands on him, "*for his hour was not yet come.*" He goes on speaking with more and more severity : "*Ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins.*" "*Ye are from beneath : I am from above.*" "*Ye seek to kill me because my word hath no place in you.*" "*Ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth which I have heard of God.*" "*Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.*" Words like these exasperate the Jews past all endurance ; they howl at him as a man possessed by the devil ; they take up stones to kill him on the spot : still the blow is not struck,

the clenched hand remains uplifted in the air, Jesus makes himself invisible, and goes his way unscathed. In chapter x. two more attempts upon his life are made under similar provocations, and both are equally unavailing. Not until chapter xii. 28, when Christ himself announces that his hour has come, is there any progress in the narrative, or any approach towards a consummation of the drama. The history actually stands still up to the very last moment. Is this after the fashion of true biography? Is it possible that Jesus could have passed three years in this way? Could he have lived a week so conducting himself, and so beset? But he must live—live in Jerusalem, live amid perpetual conflict and peril, for then only could his manifestation be full and complete,—and die he must not before his time. Hence these mechanical devices for postponing the catastrophe, which no biographer, who was seriously bent on telling a plain, unvarnished story, would be likely to resort to.

Upon the foregoing considerations, we feel justified in maintaining that the Gospel of John is not a historical book. It follows that its Christ is not the historical Christ. This conclusion, be it remarked, is not in the least affected by the date of the Gospel, or even by its authorship. The book may have been written in the first century; it may have been written by the Apostle John. We are not bound to assume that every book that was composed within fifty years of Christ's death was of a strictly historical character; in fact, such a book in that age would have been a marvel. We are not bound to assume that a personal follower of Jesus could have written none but a simple biography of his Master, for they were unlettered men, biased by prejudices and fond of speculations, Jewish or other. But, whatever we may feel bound to assume, assumptions must yield to facts, and the unhistorical character of the Gospel of John, whenever or by whomsoever produced, may be fairly classed among established facts.

It may not be out of place, however, to bring forward one or two considerations tending to show that the fourth Gospel is a comparatively late production, and that it was not written by the Apostle John. These two points, though intimately connected, may be argued separately.

There are three general reasons for assigning to the book a date posterior to the apostolical age.



1. The cast of doctrine, which, though not absolutely inconsistent with that taught as Christian in books of unquestionably early origin—though, in fact, but the natural result of views which were accepted a generation and a half after the death of Jesus—still, is so far in advance of those as to be excluded from their circle. The doctrine of the Logos was promulgated by Philo simultaneously with the teaching of Christ himself. But to apply this doctrine unequivocally to Jesus, and to recast the very substance of Christianity in accordance with it, was a bold attempt, and one which would have been premature in the life-time of the disciples. Nothing like this central dogma of the fourth Gospel is found in the genuine letters of Paul; only shy and distant hints of it are met with in the later and probably post-apostolical letters to the Colossians and Hebrews. The latter epistles ascribe to Christ some of the attributes of the Logos, without speaking the profane word. This book adopts, without qualification or apology, the thought of the Alexandrine philosophy—nay, adopts its very language—writes the unscriptural word in the opening sentence—declares, in the very first chapter, that the Being it describes is incarnate in Jesus; and then, through twenty chapters, gives the history, not of the earthly Jesus, but of the heavenly Word. This could hardly have been done in the probable or the possible life-time of any apostle, though it might have been done within the first century, in Asia Minor. But, along with the Logos doctrine, the Gospel contains another which indicates a still later epoch of speculation, the doctrine of the Holy Spirit—the Paraklete—a being distinct from the Father and the Son, but coöperating with both, and subordinate only to the former. Thus, in the book before us, we have a well defined outline of Trinity,—the Persons whereof, however, are by no means of equal rank; and this doctrine of Trinity is to be classed, and classes the Gospel in which it appears, among the speculations that began to prevail in the former half of the second century. We say this diffidently, for in the history of Thought it is impossible to assign to each individual dogma its exact place. But, unless we suppose a wide gulf in the development of speculative ideas—an interval of nearly half a century, during which the mind of man slumbered—the presumption is clearly and strongly against the early origin of a composition which sets forth as Christian, ideas belonging to an age subsequent to that of the apostles.

2. Another indication that the Gospel of John belongs to a period posterior to that in which any disciple of Christ could have written, is the relation which it supposes actually to exist between the Jews and the Gentiles. We know, from the epistles of Paul, that his whole life-time was spent in endeavors to establish the title of the Gentiles to a place in the Church without first becoming Jews. His views met with such fierce opposition from all the other apostles, that on more than one occasion he came near losing his life by the flaming zeal of the Jews. If this controversy was raging hotly as ever at the time of the great apostle's death, in the year 64, could it have been wholly ended and apparently forgotten twenty-five or thirty years afterward? Yet such is the representation of the fourth Gospel, the writer of which assumes that the Gentiles not only stand within the Church on an equality with the Jews, but even take precedence of them. The advance party is beginning to fall behind. We read that the Word from the beginning enlightened not the Jews only, but *every* man that came into the world. The Savior lays down his life for the sheep, but he has other sheep not of the Jewish fold; these he must bring in, that there may be one fold and one Shepherd. Christ goes into the cities of Samaria, and among the Samaritans, whom the Jews reckoned as heathen, some of his most willing hearers and believers are found. It is to a Samaritan, and a Samaritan woman — yes, a woman of low repute besides — that he utters his grandest word: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. God is Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Stranger still, the woman hearkens, wonders, goes to the village, calls together the town's people, and they, too, come out in troops and implore him to remain with them, which he consents to do. Stronger testimony than this of the regard the Messiah had for the Gentiles could not possibly be furnished. Neither of the other Evangelists makes anything like so bold an assertion of a Pagan claim. Matthew mentions the Samaritans but once, and then when the disciples are forbidden to preach to them, or to enter their villages. Luke introduces them several times — never disparagingly. The parable of the good Samaritan is in Luke. Luke records the cure of the ten lepers, only one of whom — and he a Samaritan — turned to offer thanks. This, however, is the extent of Luke's admissions; for, when

Jesus passes through their villages, he tells us that the inhabitants refused to receive him. Notice, now, how John describes these people as more receptive than the Jews themselves, as welcoming the word offered to them with eager ears. Nay, more than this, all the heathen are described as pressing earnestly into the kingdom. Just before the closing scene of the Redeemer's life, when the catastrophe is near, "certain Greeks" presented themselves to the disciples, with a request that they may be permitted to see Jesus, who thereupon breaks forth, with joy, "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the Prince of this world be cast out; and I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw *all* men unto me."

Throughout the Gospel, Judaism, though often spoken of with respect as prophetic of the new dispensation, is represented as a thing of the past. Sabbath and circumcision are no longer sacred; purification and passover have lost their significance; the ceremonial and even the moral law of Moses is transcended, and has become a thing indifferent. The enemies of Christ are designated in the mass as Jews — not as Pharisees, or Sadducees, or priests, but as Jews. In Jerusalem as well as in Galilee, in the temple as well as upon the shores of the Tiberias lake, all the opponents of Jesus receive this name, as if the whole nation were infidel and had already begun to fall into the degraded position to which they were afterward appointed by the decree of Christendom. Already the ancient history is becoming a pious tradition; the stern and solemn rites have softened into religious emblems; the old lawgivers and prophets shine with the glory of the future which they predicted; the "chosen people" have forfeited their prize by their presumption; and the Messiah, turning his back upon the unbelieving nation, robes himself in the drapery of the philosophers, and sheds the light of his countenance upon the darkened world without. No one who studies this peculiarity of the Gospel of John until he thoroughly comprehends it can fail to appreciate the immensity of gain which the cause of the Gentiles has made since the time of the martyred Paul — a gain which must have cost at least a century of controversy; and as, of course, the Gospel could not have described such a condition of things before it existed, it follows that it could not have been written for twenty-five or thirty years after the second century had opened.

3. The lack of witnesses for the early existence of the fourth

Gospel all but compels us to assign it to a period subsequent to the apostolic age. To exhibit this argument fully would require a separate treatise, as, unfortunately, there is no essay in English on the subject which is commendable or even respectable. It must suffice, however, here to lay down positions without present proof, giving the reader assurance that the proof can be produced if called for. It may be safely maintained that, previous to the last quarter of the second century, no indubitable traces of the Gospel can be discovered. Seeming reference to it there are, allusions more or less distant, but there is no incontestible mark of its presence. Of the Christian fathers, Theophilus of Antioch, Ireneus, Tertullian, and Clement of Alexandria—of the heretics, Galentinus and Marcion, of about the same period, the year 170—are the first who testify clearly and fully to its existence. The earlier writers, from whom we should expect some distinct mention of such a work, Papias, Polycarp, Polycrates, are silent. The letters of the apostolical Fathers have been searched in vain for notices of it; so have the Ignatian epistles, productions which contain nothing but vague and unreliable similarities, upon which no conclusion can be founded. The champions of the Gospel have always claimed Justin Martyr as a conspicuous and positive writer. But Justin did not flourish until the year 140, and his supposed citations from the book have been decided by the most keen and candid criticism to be unsatisfactory as references to John. The peculiar language he uses might have been borrowed elsewhere than from the fourth Gospel, and, however similar in tone, it is not sufficiently exact in the letter to identify the work. Not once does Justin speak of John's Gospel by name; only once does he mention the Apostle himself, and then as the author of the Apocalypse. This is quite hard to understand, supposing the Gospel to have been then in circulation.

Within a few years the defenders of the early origin of the fourth Gospel have taken their stand upon a new point. Among a multitude of manuscripts discovered at Mt. Athos, and deposited in the national library of France in 1842, was a treatise, by an unknown writer, *Upon all Heresies*. For a long time it attracted no attention, but at last an accident drew to it the notice of an eminent scholar, and in 1851 it was published at Oxford as a treatise of Origen supposed to have been lost. The book excited the curiosity and interest of Christian Charles Josias Bun-

sen, who wrote an able work about it, contending that it was from the hand of St. Hippolitus, was composed in the year 225, and contained unmistakable quotations from the Gospel of John, in fragments of a writer who flourished in 120. The chevalier's positiveness and assurance raised the hopes of many among the learned; but no sooner was his argument touched by the spear of criticism than it underwent collapse. The book was shown to be no indubitable production of Hippolitus, and to contain no clear citation from the Gospel. See Martineau's *Creed and Heresies of Early Christianity*.

More recently a new point has been raised. Fifteen years ago, was discovered in the Vatican library, and in 1853 was published, the long lost concluding chapter of the *Clementine Homilies*. This twentieth discourse contains passages that bear a strong resemblance to some verses in John iii. and ix. But the date of the *Homilies* themselves is still so far from being fixed that scholars disagree by a whole century in assigning the period of their composition; and even were this not the case, the verbal coincidence in the passages above referred to is not close enough to bear out a positive judgment. As the question now stands, therefore, we are not forced by the evidence to supposing the fourth Gospel to have been in existence prior to the year 170, nearly a century and a half after the death of Jesus, and eighty years, at least, after the close of the Apostolic age.

Passing now to the other matter—namely, the authorship—it is evident that so late a work could not have been written by John the disciple. If finished so early as the year 90, it could hardly have been his composition, unless we suppose him to have reached a very advanced age, and to have been in full possession of all his faculties at a period when the human faculties usually fail. If we assign the Gospel to the year 100, only an extreme credulity would attribute its authorship to a contemporary of Jesus. But there are positive indications that John did not write the Gospel, which render all presumptive argument unnecessary.

1. All we know of the character of John forbids our ascribing to him the book that bears his name. In the epistle to the Galatians (chap. ii. 9), Paul mentions John in connection with James and Peter as an apostle of the circumcision, reluctantly conceding the validity of the mission to the Gentiles. James was the first

overseer of the Christian Church at Jerusalem, and is represented by all tradition as the leader of the exclusive Hebrew party. Peter, we know, was an active antagonist of the apostle Paul, with whom he came into direct and violent collision at Antioch, upon this very question of communion with the Gentiles. To John, then, Judaism was still extant as a divine religion, the rites whereof were in full force. He might not be able to deny the proofs of the Holy Spirit's coöperation with Paul, but he was himself persuaded that the Gentiles could enter the Church only through the narrow way of Hebrew circumcision. In one word, John the disciple belonged to the party that stood opposed to the free admission of the Gentiles into the Christian Church, and there is no good reason for supposing that he abandoned this party so long as he lived. But how could such a man have written the fourth Gospel, a book so catholic in spirit—a book throughout so favorable to the Gentiles—a book that treats Judaism as a faith of the past, and regards the Jewish sacraments and ceremonies as merely symbolical in character—a book that represents the Jews as enemies of Christ, and the heathen as his eager disciples? What strange incongruity between the scene suggested by Galatians and the scene described in John xii. 20! John and the writer of the Gospel are in opposition. The disciple has not attained to Paul's freedom, the Evangelist has transcended it; the disciple will not offer the truth to the nations, the Evangelist hails their enthusiastic approach to it. The character of the disciple is distinctly drawn—the character of the Evangelist is surely known; the two could not have been the same person.

2. Incidents of the paschal controversy are unfriendly to the Johannic origin of the fourth Gospel. This controversy related to the day of observing the Passover, and fell about the year 196. To discuss a vexed question would be out of place here, and will not be attempted. But two or three points, the only ones that bear upon the present purpose, conspicuously stand forth. The custom in the early Christian communities was to observe the 14th day of the month Nisan (April), in commemoration of the last supper which Jesus ate with his disciples, which was the paschal supper of the Jews. This custom prevailed among the churches of Asia Minor generally, and was justified by an appeal to tradition. The example of Philip, John, Polycarp, Melite, and others, was quoted, "who all solemnized the 14th day, according to the

Gospel, in no point swerving, but following punctually the rule of faith." Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus, in his letter to Victor, bishop of Rome, solemnly avers that he who five and sixty years had labored in the Lord, held intercourse with Christians from all parts of the world, and read the whole Scriptures through, was not to be determined by anything that had been said. Greater than he had declared that men ought to obey God rather than man, and he appealed to his gray hairs as evidence of his constancy to the Lord.

The Western Churches, which were founded through the influence of the apostle Paul, and preserved with general consistency his doctrinal views, rejected the observance of the supper on the 14th day of the month, on the ground that Jesus himself suffered on that day, and could not, therefore, have instituted a rite on the basis of the Passover. Paul speaks (1 Corin. v. 7) of Christ as "our Passover sacrificed for us." This idea, once suggested, soon took root in the Christian mind, and wrought effects altogether unfriendly to the ancient usage of the disciples. The doctrine, with its consequences, had gained a permanent place in the Roman Church long before it excited quarrel in other quarters; but when the conflict did come, it was waged with violence on both sides.

And now, to which party in this dispute did John belong? We have already seen that he belonged to the Asiatics. Polycrates mentions him among others who "solemnized the 14th day, according to the Scriptures." But the Gospel which bears the name of John belongs to the opposite party of the Westerns. It records that Jesus did *not* eat the Passover with his disciples, but was crucified on the 14th as the paschal lamb, and ate his last meal—*not* the Passover meal—with his disciples on the 13th; and, strangely enough, this Gospel is not once mentioned by either party in the debate—a fact hard to reconcile with the supposition that the book was extant then, and that John was its reputed author. But letting this pass, here is the dilemma: *John the disciple and John the Evangelist are antagonists* in the controversy! John the disciple sides with the Churches of Asia Minor, John the Evangelist with those of the Western Empire. Polycrates, in the name of the disciple, earnestly protests against the doctrine of the Evangelist as unscriptural and unapostolic. Apollinarius, a champion of the view set forth in the Evangelist, pities those who appeal to the disciple as ignorant folk who know no better than to think as they do. Nor is this all: the contest is



not waged in words alone. Victor, bishop of Rome, representing the doctrine of the Western Churches, and also of the Churches of Cesarea, Jerusalem, Tyre, and Alexandria, published sentence of excommunication against the Churches of Asia Minor on account of their difference in the matter. The party of the *Evangelist* excommunicating the party of the *disciple*! Is it possible, then, that the Evangelist and the disciple were the same person? If John had written the Gospel which bears his name, would the opponents of the view contained in the Gospel have claimed his authority for their usage? If John had written the Gospel which bears his name, would not the Western Churches have appealed to the book and its author in support of their favorite opinion? Taking this view of the paschal controversy, which is none the less likely to be the correct one because adopted by Swegler, Baur, and the followers of their school, it does not appear credible that John the disciple could have written the fourth Gospel.

It is a digression thus to speak of the authorship and date of John's Gospel. Our only concern is with its historical character, an independent question scarcely affected by our verdict upon its age and genuineness. The considerations that have been urged only make easier the acknowledgment that the book is unhistorical, and that the Christ in the book is not the Jesus of history. They who take thoughts upon authority—who value books according to their antiquity, or the name of their writers, not according to the intrinsic worth of their contents—who accept Truth not because they know it to be true, but because it is spoken by one whom tradition has taught them to respect—will probably feel that this remorseless criticism has snatched a precious book from their hands, and will lament the loss of a spiritual treasure. But they who receive Truth on her own credentials, who recognize her radiant countenance under any guise and in any company, and hold her equally dear whether she bear the badge of Alexandrian Philo or of Hebrew John, will not prize the Gospel less because its narratives are suspected, and its framework of fact is removed like the scaffolding about a temple. To these the book will be as true as before; and if it does not tell the literal story of Jesus, it will reveal some of the higher teachings of his Spirit. It abounds in passages of lofty wisdom and profound spiritual thought—wisdom none the less lofty for being the product of human speculation—thought none the less profound

or spiritual for being the expression of a pious human soul. In hours of contemplation, its words come to us like voices from above. Its solemn and mystical language, full of hope and promise, exerts a spell to quiet our restless minds, and lifts us up into a serene sphere. We may love and cherish it though it never fell from the lips of the great Teacher; for it is a grand utterance of that grand Reason of man which had power to exalt the humble Galilean above the conditions of his earthly lot, and to throne him in the skies.

---

*Qui laborat, orat.\**

O only Source of all our light and life,  
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,  
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife  
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul before Thee inly brought,  
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;  
Chastised each rebel self-enc centred thought,  
My will adareth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind  
Speechless abide, or speechless e'en depart;  
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind  
Can see Thee as Thou art?—

If sure-assured, 'tis but profanely bold  
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,  
It dare not dare the dread communion hold  
In ways unworthy Thee.

Oh, not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,  
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;  
And if in work its life it seems to live  
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when, while the work it plies,  
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,  
And, scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes  
In recognition start.

As wills Thy will, or give or e'en forbear  
The beatific supersensual sight,  
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer  
Approach Thee morn and night.

---

\*By A. H. Clough. From a little volume, entitled "Ambarvalia," published in London (1849), and soon suppressed. We expect to make other selections in future.

## THE NATURE OF MORAL ACCOUNTABILITY.

By the late JAMES P. ESQY, author of "Philosophy of Storms," etc.

[Continued.]

THE same mode of reasoning will apply, with peculiar propriety, to the conduct of a State towards a criminal. What would be more highly calculated to soften the heart of a criminal than to be treated with gentleness and kindness? If the State would never do anything to a criminal but what the most affectionate parent would wish to be done to his own child under similar circumstances, for the good of that child — provided that the parent's wishes were guided by sound reason, — an untold amount of evil in the prosecution of criminals would disappear from the earth. The time, I hope, is not far distant when every civilized nation will say in her criminal code to each of her offending children:

My dear child, I am extremely sorry for my past conduct in regard to you, my child; I ought to have provided the means of giving you a better education; your understanding ought to have been cultivated by the study of the arts and sciences, and your tastes so improved that you never would have thought of doing anything mean, low and base. I most humbly beg your pardon for having thus neglected you, more particularly as you might have enjoyed a great deal more happiness in the same time than you have done, and also been a much more useful man. Now, as the strongest proof I can give you of my sincere penitence for this my neglect, by which you have suffered a severe loss, I shall henceforth make every atonement in my power. In the first place, as you have, through my shameful negligence, advanced so far in life without being properly taught that you are now unwilling to learn, and would not even go to school if left entirely at your own disposal — and as your conduct proves beyond doubt that you can not be trusted to govern yourself until you are further taught, — I will enclose you in this my house of instruction, where you will be furnished with the best masters to instruct you in the arts and sciences; you shall take your choice, and if you are too old to acquire any taste for intellectual pursuits and enjoyments, I shall be the more sorry for my negligence in not com-

mencing your intellectual and moral education earlier. Notwithstanding, I will furnish you the means of learning a useful trade of your own choice, that you may be able to discover how much more happy you will be in future by making your living by your own industry than by the unjust means which, from mistaken views, you heretofore employed. You shall be treated with the greatest kindness while you stay under my roof, and whenever you are well taught you shall be at liberty to depart. So far from treating you with harshness and unkindness, my whole conduct to you shall prove that I blame myself and not you. I believe that, if a child is *brought up in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it*. You were not so brought up; it is my fault, and why should I be angry at you? You were born in my family, without your knowledge or consent, and indeed without your agency in any way. Some of my children among whom you were born were rich and some poor, and many of them became so without any merit or demerit of their own. It was my duty, however, to see that none should starve either for want of bread or the want of knowledge, unless it was decidedly their own fault. Now, your want of instruction in childhood, when you did not know how to instruct yourself, is clearly my fault, and it ill becomes me to upbraid you for conduct which I, not you, could have anticipated from the neglect of your education at a time when you did not know how to educate yourself. I knew that ignorance would lead into error, and that error would terminate in crime: you knew nothing of this. I knew that, if you were brought up with a belief that you could benefit yourself by injuring another, this belief would lead to crime, yet I took no pains to teach you the falsity of this principle; nay, I permitted you to infer that I believed the principle to be true from my own conduct, for I frequently punished some of my own children with the avowed purpose of doing good to the rest, without the least regard to the good of those punished. For all this conduct I am utterly ashamed, and I promise in future never to do the like again. I begin with you; all I do to you, you shall feel, and others shall perceive, is done with the sole intention of making you a wiser and better man; and if I succeed in doing more good to others by this line of conduct than by the former—and if I also succeed in educating you up to so high a state of intelligence and virtue that you will no longer have any desire to do anything base,—all my children will

have occasion to rejoice at my new mode of discipline when one of them goes astray. I have foolishly acted, heretofore, as if the true interests of my children were not in harmony with each other; and when one of them acted on the same principle, and endeavored to benefit himself by violating the rights of another, I caught him and punished him without any regard to his happiness or well-being, with the avowed purpose of benefiting the others. This system I shall henceforth abandon, not merely from its injustice and incompetence to produce the desired effect, but because it is calculated to perpetuate the belief that we may sometimes benefit ourselves by doing evil to others—an error from which almost all crimes originate. Go, my son, into my house of correction, and be assured that you are deprived of your liberty only from necessity—a necessity which has arisen from my neglect to attend to your education in early life, and from the false doctrine which I myself contributed to inculcate into your youthful mind. Your transgression has arisen not so much from a desire to do evil to your brothers as from a desire to do good to yourself; as soon as you learn that your good can not be effected in this way, you may then be entrusted again with your liberty: consequently, it shall then most cheerfully be restored to you. In the meantime you shall be visited by the kindest and most benevolent of your brothers and sisters, who will sympathize with you, and be ready to take you by the hand and assist you, when you leave this my house of correction and education of those who err in their search for happiness—of those who *miss the mark*. During your hours of relaxation from study you may, if you choose, employ yourself in some useful and lucrative occupation; the proceeds, over and above the expenses of your education, shall be yours, and entirely at your own disposal when you shall be restored to liberty. If you should unfortunately refuse to accept of intellectual culture, though you have the choice of all departments of science and literature, with the best masters in each, then the only thing remaining is for you to learn some trade by which you may be able to support yourself, and become a useful member of society; and should you be so perverse and insensible to the claims of justice that you refuse even to do this, then you will be made to feel *want*, until you become willing to support yourself by the labor of your own hands. This necessity will be imposed upon you solely with a view to your own good; for no one can be happy without being useful. Idle-

ness is the bane of happiness, and industrious habits can only be acquired by the practice of some useful occupation. Practice, my son, and you will soon discover that a source of happiness never perceived before is within your reach, which, when once obtained, you will never abandon. I leave you now to your own choice. *Be wise and good, and you will be happy.*—

This is the language every State ought to address to her erring children. She is their mother, and she ought to feel towards them the kindest compassion when they deviate from the path of rectitude, because it is then they suffer the most pain. When a child has the colic, the fever and ague, or any corporeal disease, the mother watches over it with the most tender care, and all the medicines which she administers are intended to hasten its cure; none of them are expected to operate on what is past, but are intended entirely for the future. The medicines are not given for the good of the healthy children, but entirely for the good of the sick. Why should it not be so in moral diseases?

It is a curious circumstance, and one which I can not account for, that men in all ages, down to the nineteenth century, have acted in regard to punishments, and with regard to punishments alone, as if they could change the past. They seem to think that so much guilt deserves so much punishment, entirely independent of its tendency to produce reformation, or any beneficial effect on the sufferer.

When a man builds a house, it is not to live in during the preceding year, but the succeeding; and when he gives instruction to his child, it is not to make him wiser in time past, but in time to come. Now, if all punishment is only a kind of instruction, and is always unjust unless so intended, why should the idea of retrospective punishment ever enter our minds, any more than retrospective instruction. It is true, instruction may be better adapted to the state of the mind by knowing the preceding ignorance, and so may punishment by knowing the preceding crime. Medicine may be better adapted to the state of the patient by knowing the exact nature of the disease; but in all cases the intelligent agent in all his actions will aim to produce some effect *in future*, and never to change *the past*. God himself acts on this plan. In the series of events which take place in his universe, they are so arranged that the preceding one may produce the suc-

ceeding one, but never the reverse. Oh, vain man, how long will it be before thou learnest to act in conformity to the eternal and immutable order established in the universe of God!

Perhaps it may be urged, that though the rule is general that men's interests never clash, yet when a man has once committed a crime he has forfeited all right to be treated by his fellows according to the general rule; especially as he voluntarily committed the crime, knowing that if men caught him in the commission of it they would punish him, not with any regard to his good, but merely to set an example to others of what they would have to expect provided they did the same. And as a confirmation of this view it is urged, that the criminal himself acknowledges the justice of the punishment inflicted upon him—even the punishment of death. The first part of this argument would be unanswerable if it could be shown that it is for the good of society that a criminal should be punished *without* regard to his good, rather than *with* regard to his good; but this I think never can be shown,—and if not, the argument falls to the ground, and the acknowledgement of the criminal only proves how deeply implanted that most pernicious doctrine may be, that we may sometimes at least benefit ourselves by diminishing the well-being of others. In the days of persecution the minority acknowledged the right of the majority to burn at the stake. It was what they themselves intended to do as soon as they obtained power. In those days they seemed to think that belief in the doctrines of a creed did not depend upon the evidence of their truth, but upon the evidence that fire would burn; for that was all the evidence which the persecutors deigned to furnish. Had they been acquainted with the laws of the human mind, they would have known that, if they had furnished as conclusive and satisfactory proofs of the truth of their creed as they did that fire would burn, their belief in the one would have been as full and unwavering as their belief in the other. They would have known, also, that the evidence which they furnished that fire would burn, though it was perfectly convincing, would not in the least degree tend to convince either the one who was burned, or any of the spectators, that the articles of any particular creed were true which appeared to them to have no connection with the proposition "Fire will burn." It was the error of the age of persecution that unbelief could be destroyed by fire better than by argument: so it is the error of the present day to



believe that the public can be better secured from crimes by punishing criminals without regard to their good, than by considering their good *alone* in all the punishment which is inflicted upon them. They profess to act from the principle that it is proper and just and useful to the community that criminals should be punished without regard to their happiness, for the sake of example. If this is the true principle, and utility is really expected to the community from example, then do most communities act most preposterously to gain this end. If example is the thing to benefit the community, then ought punishments to be as public as possible. Men ought to be chained on the public highways and in the streets of our large cities, after they are convicted of crimes, that terror for evil deeds might meet us at every corner; and if this was not sufficient to deter others from the commission of crimes, then the severity of punishments ought to be increased. The criminals ought to be lashed on the bare back at stated intervals, and all the citizens should be invited to attend, that none of them might be deprived of the *salutary influence* which such example might have in deterring them from similar crimes. Care ought to be taken not to extend the punishment so far as to endanger the life of the patient, for the longer his life lasts and the more examples of torture he affords, the more beneficial does he become to the community.

Now how silly do men act, and how inconsistently with their own principles! Some criminals they catch and strangle within their prison-walls as quietly as possible, and will not let any one be present to derive advantage from this sublime spectacle, but the sheriff, the turnkey, and the clergyman; yet it is well known that men in general are but little affected with what they only hear, in comparison with what they see. Others they enclose within the walls of a penitentiary, and let no one see them but the person who takes them food and drink,—and not one in a thousand of the community ever thinks of them from the time they go in till the time they come out.

Men are beginning to act as if they were ashamed and afraid to let the community see their own laws executed, lest it might have a pernicious effect on their moral character. The very fact that men are beginning to execute capitally in private is a sure symptom that ere long the moral feelings of the community will obtain a glorious victory over that most pernicious error which it is my

chief object to combat in this paper. As soon as it is acknowledged that it is injurious for the multitude to be present at capital punishments, the very corner-stone on which the whole system of criminal jurisprudence is now built is removed, and the whole fabric must speedily tumble to the dust. If the community are not to be benefited by the spectacle of capital punishments, men will immediately begin to inquire what *use* there is in punishments. They will then soon come to the true conclusion that there is no utility in them only as they are beneficial to the criminal himself. They will then push their inquiries a little further, and they will soon conclude that the best way to improve the criminal is to strengthen his understanding, to elevate his tastes, and to teach him the laws of God, and especially *that* law in which it is enacted that no man can benefit himself by doing evil to another.

Oh glorious day for mankind when this becomes the universal sentiment! All malice and strife will cease, and man will learn war no more. Even that universal maxim, that "the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war," will be abandoned as a dangerous principle; for even the act of preparing for war is calculated to excite the jealousies and ill will of surrounding nations, and the expense of keeping large standing armies is like a mill-stone hung round the neck of society to retard their advancement in the arts and sciences. When wars cease, men will rapidly advance in all that adorns life and makes it desirable. How much more rapidly would they advance if all *thought* of wars was for ever removed from the mind! When rumors of war are spread abroad, and preparations for war are commenced, the all-absorbing subject of war takes possession of the mind, and no time is left for cultivating the arts of peace, and the evils to society are almost as great as when the chariot of actual war is fiercely driven over the land. A thousand vices will disappear from the earth when the war-spirit becomes extinct, and a thousand virtues will spring up in their stead. As soon as all nations shall clearly perceive that no two of them can carry on a war without great loss to themselves and to all other nations, all motive to war will cease, and men will learn to "do unto others as they would have others do unto them." Industry will then be directed in the right channels. Iron will not be dug out of the bowels of the earth to be melted into cannon balls, and then thrown into the ocean at great expense of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal. The immense labor heretofore

employed in surrounding cities with walls and ditches and forts, occupying so much ground which might be usefully employed in agriculture, will then be spared to increase the wealth and comforts of mankind, and to leave abundance of time to cultivate the mind by reading and study, after all necessary comforts and conveniences of life are procured by half the quantity of labor which men are now obliged to undergo to obtain a scanty and precarious subsistence.

The external comforts which would arise from correct views on these important points would form a very small portion of the whole amount of the increase of happiness which would be immediately experienced. It is in the mind of man properly cultivated that his chief happiness dwells. It is the mind, also, which suffers the most poignant anguish, frequently, under false views. What a fountain of joy, springing up to eternal happiness, will be laid open to our view as soon as we can see with the clearness of demonstration that every thing which occurs, even the most distressing, is ordered by infinite power, under the direction of infinite wisdom and infinite goodness; and that the greatest evils which occur will tend not merely to increase the happiness of the whole universe, but especially of the individual on whom the evils fall. Unbounded and confiding love of God would then fill our souls, terror and despair would be forever banished from our minds, even when the clouds of adversity shrouded our horizon in their darkest hue. It would be eternally present to our minds that the justice of God required pain to be the consequence of transgression no more than his most tender mercy; and that it would be cruel, as well as unjust, to withhold that pain from the transgressor which alone could teach him not to transgress in a similar way again. As soon as we shall see that the infinite holiness of God does not require Him to punish transgression of his laws with infinite and eternal punishment, but rather to cause that pain to follow transgression which will tend to prevent transgression in future, our minds will be freed from all superstitious dread of almighty vengeance, which is as fatal to growth in virtue as to the increase of happiness.

To punish the transgressor with infinite and eternal punishment for transgressions, without intending to produce the destruction of sin, would indicate rather an infinite love of punishment than an infinite hatred of sin; and the best and only way to manifest an infinite hatred of sin is to take the best means to root it out of ex-

istence. And it would appear, so far as we can see, that this can only be done by the plan God has certainly adopted : to cause pain always to follow transgression and happiness always to follow obedience, and then to give man the power to discover that effects flow from causes.

Perhaps it may be objected, that God does not intend that the pain which follows transgression should work out the reformation of the transgressor, as it manifestly sometimes does not produce that effect. On the contrary, men sometimes seem to get worse and worse the more they transgress and the more they suffer for the transgression. For example, the drunkard : so far from being cured by the headache consequent on a debauch, so far from abhorring the liquor which he knows by experience stultifies all his mental powers, and renders him unfit for a time to enjoy the high pleasures of the understanding and the unspeakable joys of domestic affection, he seeks with increased ardor the delirium of intoxication, knowing at the same time that his conduct is hastening him down to a premature and disgraceful death, and agonizing the feelings of all who love him most. Indeed, so far from drunkenness curing itself by the frightful consequences which God has made to follow in its train, it seems to render its victims regardless of all consequences, and even to invert the nature of man so far as to cause him to choose misery in preference to happiness, and that, too, at the expense of making those wretched who are united to him by the dearest ties of consanguinity and affinity. Now, it may be said that as God does not cure the drunkard by the pain which He causes to follow drunkenness, He does not cause the pain with the intention of curing ; for He can not be frustrated in his intentions.

To all this it may be answered, that though the pain of drunkenness does not always prevent future intoxication, yet this pain may have its utility. We are not sure but that the man who even kills himself by continued drunkenness may die with a more thorough hatred of drunkenness than one who has never been drunk. He knows its evils by sad experience. If it is asked, Why, then, did he not abandon the practice ? the answer may perhaps be, that a state of disease was produced by the habit of intoxication which so affected the body that nothing short of death could cure it, and yet the disembodied spirit may depart to the other world with the utmost loathing of all intemperance—a

loathing increased by having experienced the effects of intemperance here.

It would be illogical to infer that, because God does not always cure a disease by the pain which arises from that disease whilst the patient is in this world, therefore God never intends to cure the disease. God is constantly using means to overcome ignorance—his whole universe is one great system of instruction; yet He advances but a very small distance in producing perfect wisdom, even in the brightest intelligences, whilst they are in this world: and yet it would be manifestly absurd to infer that God will not succeed in making us extremely wise in millions of years after our departure from this world. Now it may be that the disease of the *body* produced by repeated intoxication is incurable, yet the soul may awake from its stupor in the world of spirits with a hatred of all intemperance and an inexpressible joy at finding itself freed from the miserable clog of clay, which it now perceives was the only impediment which hindered it at once from rising into the pure regions of intelligence and bliss.

But even if the case of the drunkard, and perhaps some others, can not be explained in accordance with the doctrine advanced in this paper, the general principle may still be true, that the pain which God has caused to follow transgression is intended to lead to reformation. Besides, who can tell how many are prevented from becoming confirmed drunkards by considering the horrible state to which they and their families would be reduced if they yielded to the temptation of continued intoxication?

It appears, then, highly probable that in this case, as in all others, the tendency of the pain consequent upon transgression is to produce reformation in all minds possessing sufficient reason to discover that pain is the result of the transgression; and therefore we may safely infer that God designed this tendency when he arranged it so that pain should follow transgression. Nay, further, God does not always wait till the commission of the overt act of transgression before He commences the punishment. He has beautifully and wisely and mercifully arranged it so that the punishment is cotemporaneous with the first thought of committing the transgression, even before the design is formed or the plan laid. The punishment begins thus early evidently with the design to prevent the overt act, and sometimes even the completion of the design to commit the overt act.

What an untold amount of crime is prevented by this most benevolent arrangement! How much suffering is avoided by using an *ounce* of prevention instead of a *pound* of cure! How much more beautiful is such a plan as this, and how much more efficient in advancing the moral education of rational beings, than any plan would be which would defer the punishment for a long time after the commission of the transgression! If God had caused happiness to be the result of transgression of his laws in this world and misery in the next, such an arrangement would seem like a plan to entrap us into crime, for all our experience would then lead us to believe that crimes are the true source of happiness. Such a scheme was never made by a wise and benevolent God.

Perhaps it may be objected to the system which I have here presented, that it represents God as acting inconsistently with his own plans and determinations. In a former part of this paper, it may be said I endeavored to prove that God designed that man should commit moral evil, and in the latter part I have endeavored to show that God has made the best possible contrivances to prevent moral evil, and to cure that which is not prevented. To this objection I answer: that God did certainly intend, as was demonstrated before, all the moral evil which exists, and no more, and the contrivances which He has made to prevent moral evil are intended not to prevent that which takes place, but that which would take place without these contrivances. God, in his infinite wisdom, sees that the ignorance of man would lead him eternally astray from the path of rectitude, if He did not hedge in this path with thorns and thistles, which, by their pungent stings, would warn the traveller, at every deviation, that he must immediately return.

It may be objected, also, that the system here advocated places the revealed will of God in his Word in contradiction to his secret will in his decrees; that his revealed will is that man should commit no transgressions, but that his secret will is that he should commit all the transgressions which he does commit. To this objection I answer: that there is no contradiction between the revealed and secret will of God. The Word of God is a revelation of his laws, and not at all a revelation of his will that those laws shall not be broken. If God willed that his laws should not be broken, they never would be broken; for what God wills must come

to pass. His written Word is only a different form of instructing his rational creatures what to do and what not to do to secure their highest happiness. It comes in aid of their experience as to the effects of actions on their happiness or misery. It is kind advice given by a most affectionate father: Do this, and be happy—avoid that, or be miserable. It nowhere says that God's will or determination is that we shall not disobey. This advice, like the pain we experience from transgression, or even from the thought of transgression, is intended not to hinder us from the transgressions which we actually commit, but from those we would commit without the aid of this advice. God has determined that we shall commit no more transgressions than we actually do commit, and He has taken effectual means to insure that result. I think, also, we may safely conclude, from the means which we see in operation, that it is his determination that we shall commit fewer and fewer transgressions the longer we continue to exist, until finally, when we become perfectly wise, transgression will become impossible. In this process our free agency will all the time remain unimpaired. Our liability to sin will evidently diminish with the increase of our wisdom and goodness, whilst our free agency will constantly remain the same. Nor is it necessary that man should become infinitely wise to render transgression in him impossible; it is enough that his wisdom be coëxtensive with his sphere of action, so that nothing should be presented to his mind leading to action beyond his sphere of knowledge. Now, as man's sphere of action is limited, we may well conceive that his knowledge, which is constantly increasing in this world, and will probably increase much faster in the next, will become so extensive in millions of years that no proposition could then be proposed to him which he could not determine as to its evil or good consequences; and as God never will, to all eternity, cause happiness to be the result of the transgression of his laws, this knowledge is all that is necessary to render transgression impossible—especially when we consider that man never can have his nature so changed that he can prefer misery to happiness; and to prefer the known causes of misery to the known causes of happiness would be the same as preferring the misery itself.

Perhaps it may be objected that I have based all my reasonings, in this paper, on the supposition that man is a purely intellectual



being, and that all his volitions arise from the dictates of the understanding, whereas it is manifest that he is not purely intellectual, and that very many of his volitions are chiefly influenced by his passions, and still more by his habits — and that, too, so suddenly that his rational powers have no time to act before the volition is made; and hence it is inferred that man may still be liable to transgress the law of God, even after he becomes perfect in knowledge, if that time should ever arrive. This objection, however plausible, is easily answered. I acknowledge that many of our volitions are influenced by our passions, and many depend on our habits, as completely as the volitions of beasts depend on instinct; and I have no doubt that we are formed by the Creator with the capacity of acquiring habits, and being influenced by them, for the wisest purposes. Without such a capacity man would be in many respects inferior to the beasts, and, indeed, would be altogether unfitted for an inhabitant of this world. But habits themselves may be examined by reason, and approved or condemned as they shall appear useful or injurious to our happiness; and there is no bad habit, however confirmed by long use, that can not be corrected by long continued and repeated efforts. I will not say that the converse of this proposition is true: that good habits, when once confirmed by long use, can be changed to bad; for good habits, when examined by reason, will be approved, and, of course, no efforts will be made to change them. Thus they will remain forever as parts of our very self, eternally ready to lead us to make proper volitions on all subjects within the sphere of their influence. Hence, it is manifestly true, if you *bring up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it*. But Solomon nowhere says, *Bring up a child in the way he should not go, and when he is old he will not depart from it*.

[ To be Continued. ]

#### DEVOTION.

DEVOUTLY look, and naught  
But wonders shall pass by thee;  
Devoutly read, and then  
All books shall edify thee;  
Devoutly speak, and men  
Devoutly listen to thee;  
Devoutly act, and then  
The strength of God acts through thee.  
—Ruckert (Wisdom of the Brahmin).

TO A SKYLARK.  

---

Written on seeing one at a bird-fancier's, in one of our large eastern cities, restlessly endeavoring to force its way through the roof of its cage.

---

AGAINST thy prison bars still fiercely beating  
With tireless wings, striving to find thy way  
Out from thy gloomy cell, and give thy greeting  
Triumphant to the broad and glorious day,—  
In vain endeavor thus thy short, and fleeting,  
And cheerless life thou here wilt wear away.

Poor alien ! can it be that thou art haunted  
By visions such as the sad exile sees,  
Of some deep, amethystine gulf enchanted,  
Far in the bosom of the Pyrenees,  
Where, by no hand of mortal ever planted,  
Wild blooms are reddening for the golden bees ?

Or maddening dreams—of some blue lakelet lying  
'Mid the white Alps, mirroring but the sun,  
A star, or warbling skylark o'er it flying  
To meet the morn—or, when the day was done,  
Sinking unto his mate, and sweetly trying  
His vespers o'er his nest so nearly won !

Or yet of England's hills, and of the auroral  
And crimson beams flushing the orient through,  
Upon her highland-moors the rose-tints floral  
Deepening on heath-bells wet with sweetest dew ;  
Longing, with longing vain, to join the choral  
And exquisite chant far in those skies of blue !

Thy alien fellow-captives never greeting,  
Gathered in this dim cell from many lands,  
Thou wearest out thy little life and fleeting,  
Striving all vainly with thy prison bands,—  
Beating against them with a restless beating.  
To gain that Temple grand not made with hands !

WHO DISCOVERED THE PLANET?

---

[We take the risk of publishing the following letter from a friend who might possibly have been too judicious to write it had he known that it would see the light. It is likely, however, that if any good name has been unjustly enclouded, it will have been cleared by the time this magazine reaches that vicinity, if it ever does; if justly, M. Vernet will have made every peak in Switzerland vocal with it.]

BESANÇON, February 4, 1860.

AFTER a violent oscillation between the beauties of France and the sublimities of Switzerland, as provocative of a rest for the spring and summer, I have selected the meadow rather than the eyrie, and have had a neat and pleasant room fitted up in the Humboldt hotel. From my window I look forth on the placid waters of the Doubs, which reminds me daily of our own beautiful Rappahannock, that sweetest of Virginia streams, which has long flowed in me as one of my own veins. . . .

But I can not linger more amongst the sacred autographs which the Old Times wrote in stone within these ancient walls, ere they departed; for they seem to have said—these Old Times: We will take Besançon, whose fortification dates back to the time of Cæsar, heap our souvenirs in its museum, our books in its library, and make its cathedrals and dwellings a geologic architecture, recording the strata of past civilizations.

I must not close, however, without telling you of a strange tragedy and its attendant rumors, of which perhaps the least that is said the better, until their present nebulous condition shall recede before a nucleus of substantiated fact. It relates to the planet recently discovered by Dr. Lascarbault, to whom the honor of the discovery is not only due, but most cheerfully conceded by all. Henceforth, along with the thrilling stories of Humphrey Davy, the apothecary's apprentice, stealing chances to experiment with his master's broken phials, and with the pots and pans in the kitchen,—of the young Faraday, binding books during the day, and experimenting in electricity with nothing better than an old bottle,—of Herschel, playing the oboe for the Durham militia, and painfully constructing, what he could not buy, a five-foot reflector, which revealed to his eye the ring and satellites of Saturn, will be told that of the obscure Dr. Lascarbault, saving from his meagre earnings enough to purchase a poor telescope, costing only

\$150, and noting the most important calculations of the age on a white plank!

You have probably heard that claims to a previous discovery by Scott, the Englishman, and others, have been made. These may be or may not be true—and, indeed, it makes very little difference whether such claims are just or not; they serve, however, to show that the announcement, made in the *Cosmos* long ago by Leverrier, of the perturbations of Mercury which led him to suspect the existence of a planet revolving between Mercury and the sun, had caused a determination of every telescope in Europe, small and great, to that one spot in the heavens.

Amongst those who patiently, and I believe successfully, watched and waited upon these perturbations, to discover their cause, was the young man of whom I have to write you, Marcel Vercahier. He was the President and leading spirit of the Saint-Pierre Friends. The story of these Friends must first be told. In 1849 twelve young men were graduated in the scientific schools of Paris, of whom some were Spanish, some Swiss, one German, and six French. These formed a club for the purpose of traveling on foot through the Jura, in order to make discoveries amongst its rich geologic phenomena, and its vegetable and animal fauna. They easily obtained a commission of survey from the government, which served to pay expenses, and plunged forth into a four-years' nomadic life. They took their tents with them; the rivers were their fish-barrels, the forests their meat-houses. They were taken by the grand old Jura to their heart, and in a year or so became shaggy enough to be mistaken by any of the bears which abound there for legitimate members of the feral fraternity. The survey was very fruitful of results, and in the spring of 1853 they found themselves on a mountain of Bern, commanding the entire prospect of the most beautiful Lake Bienne, their expedition fairly closed, their records not yet brought into shape. You have heard, doubtless, of the exquisite Isle de Saint-Pierre, which is the pride of Lake Bienne: its solitary claim to historic fame is, that there, in 1765, Jean Jacques Rousseau came to find rest. Here he lived and wrote. It is now rarely visited save by some devout admirer of the *Contrat Social*, or the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. Of the extreme and delicate beauty of this quiet lake, and more quiet island, I can refer you to no delineation save one drawn in Dumas' most fascinating *Impressions de Voyage*. You must

dream—the garish day could unfold you no such vision—of a beautiful island of a square mile or so, covered with deep foliage, fringed down toward the lake-edge with stately poplars. Magnificent mountain summits rise up on every side, mingling with gorgeously tinted clouds. At the moment when our party first looked down upon the scene the setting sun had touched the waters of the lake to gold and amethyst, and they looked longingly upon the emerald island which seemed a home for their wayworn spirits. To it they descended; and on the first day which they spent there it was resolved to take the old chateau, the same in which Rousseau had dwelt, and remain there until their reports were ready for transmission to Paris.

But when these reports were ready to leave, the Friends were not. Four years together in the brave life with nature, cast utterly upon each other, provoking the finest qualities of each and all, they could not but find some interweavings of heart and brain nerves which ached at the idea of separation. And, indeed, so pleasant was their association, so genial the sky, so full of beauty and variety the island and lake, that they lingered on in a scientific phalanstere from year to year, and were known throughout the canton of Bern as the Saint-Pierre Friends.

As I have said, the leading spirit among them was Vercahier. The day before visiting Neufchatel, which is just ten English miles due west from this lake, I spent a day with these Friends, whom I found very hospitable; and I was particularly struck with the native nobility and the exquisite genius of their young President. He had taken Astronomy as his specialty, and had swung a powerful glass in the room which had once been occupied by the celebrated sentimentalist of whom I have spoken. His room bore evidence of the great pride with which his companions took care of their genius and all that related to him. And I remember well the large old Gothic chair, which they had united to purchase for him, and which, alas!—But I must not anticipate.

When Leverrier made his announcement of the perturbations, Marcel was at once seized with an absorbing zeal for discovery, which made him, I am told, neglect his food and sleep. His friend Vernet declares that the astronomer told him, early in January, that he had come to an absolute certainty, so far as his own mind was concerned, that he had the degrees of the planet's inclination to the ecliptic, that he had its period of revolution round

the sun (19 d. 17 h.), but that he was determined not to make any announcement until he could make sure proof, and offer perfect calculations.

At this time one Pilzer, who has been for some years assistant superintendent of the Geneva Observatory, went over to visit the Saint-Pierre Friends in company with Du Sor, whom he joined at Neufchatel. Introduced by such a distinguished and admirable a naturalist, the Genevan was heartily welcomed; and when Du Sor returned the other had accepted an invitation to explore the island, and did not return with him. He remained three days, then left, accompanied by the good wishes of most of the club.

The next morning Marcel Vercanier was found seated in an upright position in the old Gothic chair, stiff, cold, dead! His hand grasped a pen, or rather clutched it, as if under a sharp pang. A white sheet of paper lay before him, with three words on it: "I have discovered" —

The Friends were wild with excitement; Vernet was seized with a fever, and soon raved. No clue to the awful mystery was afforded. Dr. Buch, who lived across the lake, was sent for, and brought with him Dr. Stein, of Besançon, who happened to be at his house. These able men made a post-mortem examination, and unhesitatingly declared that the digestive functions were sound and without foreign substance, and that they had not a doubt that Vercanier had by over-work brought on some singular and sudden affection of the brain.

But, on the second day after the death, as they were preparing the body for burial, one of the students observed on the naked body, just between the shoulders, a singular little appearance, as of the calyx and petals of a pink flower. Attention having been called to it, one of the Friends, who had been trained especially in the department of Toxicology, at Paris, examined it closely; then went to the large arm-chair in which Marcel was in the habit of sitting, and in which he had been found dead, pressed with both hands on the velvet, and forth there started a horrible instrument known in the dens of Paris and London as "the fang." It is a long awl-like point, modeled within on the principle of a serpent's tooth — the poison vessel being in a small cylinder at the base, and pressed out by any pressure on the point. Against this horrid thing, concealed under the velvet, the gifted Vercanier had leaned back, and the flower of death had blown upon him.

But now the fang had been found, the serpent was to be sought for. Du Sor had introduced Pilzer; so it seemed about as natural to suspect one as the other. But one morning, about a week after the burial of Marcel Vercahier, Vernet read in the Geneva *Presse* the following paragraph:

"WHO DISCOVERED THE PLANET? — We are authorized to state that, in a few days, M. Pilzer will exhibit to the public evidence that he had, previously to Dr. Lascarbault, discovered and made perfect calculations of the new planet, its bearings and relations; and that, if it had not been for the telegraph which flashed the news from Paris preceding his announcement by a few hours, his calculations, successfully carried on during nearly a year past, would have been laid before the Genevan public. Should this prove true, it will give to the assistant superintendent of our Observatory an enviable position in the world of astronomic science, although the honor of the discovery and naming of the new planet may not be technically conceded to him."

As he read this, a dark suspicion started up in Vernet's mind. He rushed up to his dead friend's study, broke open his desk, examined every paper in the drawer, escritoir, room. The calculations to which he knew Vercahier's last year and last moment had been devoted could nowhere be found. He saw, by a terrible vision, that these papers had been laid out on the table, that their summing up had begun in the words "*I have discovered.*" He saw the eager, envious hand which had paralyzed the noble Marcel, and harvested for his ambition the magnificent results!

On the wings of the wind the Friends sped to Geneva; but they were too furious to be cautious: they went in a body to the Observatory. Of course, when they entered, Pilzer could not be found; for it is likely that his telescope had lately watched the gates of the Observatory Park more than the revolutions of the new planet. Every one had seen M. Pilzer a moment before, but no one could find him now.

M. Pilzer's claims as discoverer of the new planet have not been verified to the Genevan public through the *Presse*: M. Pilzer himself is not so discoverable as the planet.

Nothing further of the horrid affair has transpired, so far as I know, except that the Saint-Pierre Friends have banded themselves into a posse of detectives, and are likely to reexplore the Jura for a brute hitherto unknown to its fauna.

D.



## DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

## CHAPTER I.—PERSONAL, MERELY.

DR. JECOVAS EINBOHRER was led into the New World by an aspiration; that aspiration was for *Peace*. It was thus: Just after he had retired from the University of Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, where he had been for seven weeks Professor of Comparative Anatomy, he had taken up his residence near a secluded village, where he thought to pursue his speculations and researches without interruption. But the Eumenides are averse to Science. The very next year came on the wars of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Doctor found himself unhappily near them. This wise man was generally so abstracted that he might never have discovered that any conflict was going on had it not been for the following untoward circumstances:

Dr. E. had been engaged for a month on an essay concerning the probable results of Volta's galvanic experiments. Such essays of his were never written: the best things can not be written. This wonderful man sat when composing, composed; motionless; gazing into his fire: the only sign of life being an ever-ascending column of smoke from his pipe. The form which this cloudy pillar assumed on such occasions was symbolic of the inner emotion of the man in respect of quickness, force, height, and volume. At this time Einbohrer had risen by the stairway of beautiful reasons to a New World of Hope. He had so pressed probabilities that, instead of seeing the Voltaic pile merely causing supple-jack motions in a frog or an executed malefactor, he saw it blessing those who were neither frogs nor malefactors; he saw a day when "some poor fellow who had died," so he beautifully said, "from accidental drowning or loss of breath, should be restored to his afflicted friends, not alone kicking—which was all Volta had yet made frogs and malefactors do—but verily alive and kicking!" He was just questioning whether it might not have been the action of some such force amongst the ancients that had accomplished sundry things transmitted as miraculous; whether it was not this which restored the widow's son on whom Elijah stretched himself (a powerful battery), until he came again to life. From this he had gone on to imagine the happiness of widows, generally,

should such powers be discovered—not omitting the suspicion that many would be very unhappy amongst both widows and widowers should such restorations become fashionable. Thus, I say, his speculations had been evolved in fine curls and convolutions out of that profound meerschaum-brain of his, when *bang!* went the gun of an insurgent, beneath his window, who had awaited in ambush of that peacefulest spot the expected passage of an aristocrat, whom he had been appointed to shoot. Whether he slew the man hath not transpired: our business is with Einbohrer. In a moment fancies, smoke-castles, spiritualized Voltaic piles perished, as Alcastar's China-ware perished by the motion of his foot in spurning his anticipated wife. A mild despair settled on the good Doctor's face. He did not rise from his seat, but, with emphasis, knocked the ashes from his meerschaum, which was as significant of what was in him as the eruption of ashes from nature's meerschaums, Vesuvius or *Ætna*, testify seething inner commotions. Frau Einbohrer heard this knock from the room adjacent, and knowing what fearful emotions could alone bring Einbohrer to knock the ashes from his meerschaum before dinner-time—at which time she was accustomed to clean it herself—came in with deep anxiety on every line of her excellent face. "My wife," he said, solemnly, "the creations of a most favored hour have thus been shot down. You see what experience (*erfahrung*) and reason (*vernunft*) certify, that in such a social state as this nothing can be expected for that Specialty which wears no epaulettes. Look at me, madam," he continued, so severely that the dear Frau shed two tears, "am I a soldier; madam, do I look like one? If I am not, why am I to be disturbed by these shooting bipeds? I see that in this land it must be for some months—years, perhaps lustra—the odious gunpowder-smoke of unreason and unrest, and not the pure meerschaum-smoke of philosophy and the imagination. Know then that to-morrow we set out for America. I want peace; and I hear their Congress passes Peace-measures every year: Mistress Einbohrer! I will smoke the pipe of peace, though it be with the Indian on the remotest peak of the Rocky Mountains!" Thus divinely did Dr. Jecovas Einbohrer deliver himself, and an additional tap of the meerschaum on the chimney showed it decisive.

Thus was it that this dove, as one might say, flew over the great waters in search of the olive-branch. It would appear,

however, that an ardent longing for peace implies the most restless life to reach it. The Doctor's personal history amply attested this; all the titles attached to his European reputation made manifest that the law of change had not overlooked him. It was always "Dr. Jeco. Einbohrer, *late* Prof. Geology at Göttingen"—"*late* Pres. of Royal Ichthyolog. Soc."—"late of Frankfort"—late of every thing, and now about to be late of Europe. How this happened to be the case may be inferred from a recital of the good Doctor's earliest experience after his arrival in America. By some accident it was discovered that we had an Einbohrer among us, and he was straightway called to the chair of Natural History in the Jerusalem Institute. He took the said chair, though the back was not quite high enough, and sat there teaching, like Socrates, improved by a meerscham. In a few months the trustees of this institution made their annual visitation thereto. According to immemorial custom, they had to converse with the various instructors on high theological topics. This was a very wise provision of the Institute, because it is becoming too common to find tendencies in seats of learning to leave the old stand-points of faith, and more than one instance is on record where heresies the most soul-destroying, affecting vital truths, such as the local reality of hell-fires, the personality of the Devil, the Trinity, etc., have been allowed students unpunished!

These visitors, who were of the reverend clergy, came at length to Einbohrer's room. They found him, after some little trouble, since as Venus clothed Eneas with a cloud, so had his adored meerscham enveloped the professor. They were solemnly nodded to seats. The Doctor came out of the cloud sufficiently to exclaim: "Friends, ye have lost your neckerchiefs!" but on being assured that they were only white ones, he retired into himself. The Rev. M. Y. Dox, D. D., opened the conversation. "Dr. Einbohrer," he said, "we rejoice to think that there is but a formal necessity of inquiring if you believe that most consoling doctrine, the Trinity?" "My dear sir," replied the Doctor, innocently, "I believe I have with me some specimens of that whereof you speak." The Rev. brothers were aghast. *Trinity specimens!* Whilst they wondered if, indeed, science were about to give the irresistible seal to faith, he brought his Herbarium and turned to some specimens of the *Trifolium arvense*, called in his own land Trinity-grass. When told of his misapprehension, and

that they referred to his views of the tri-personal nature of the Godhead, he retired into himself more profoundly, and after several clouds had risen as genii from their meerschäum-casket, such as made the Rev. M. Y. Dox, D.D., cough again, he replied, "That if they would wait some score or so of years he thought he should then be called out into the Eternal Hereafterwards, where he would endeavor to obtain specimens of the Godhead, as they called it; hitherto he had seen none, alive or fossil, and could not answer." This speech was deemed irreverent and heathenish; and Dr. Jeco. Einbohrer became *late* of Jerusalem Institute.

It was a change nowise disagreeable to this good man; for, to say nothing of overmuch genuflexion at chapel prayers, to which he was unused, he had already perceived a small cloud of unrest such as had ever pursued him, in the gigglings of sundry youngsters who attended his lectures, at the throne of smoke whereon he sat, the Jove-like glory of which their eyes could no more entertain than a bottle could Niagara.

He now retired to a country place, where he took a few young men as pupils. Not that he needed them from pecuniary motives,—Providence had provided his pipe forever, he used to say expressively,—but this mysterious man, as we have seen, wrote nothing, and he wished doubtless to have some human molds near wherein he might pour the seething ores of his brain-furnace.

One of these pupils the writer hereof had the happy fortune to be. Having been deprived of that inestimable privilege for a year or two, he now proposes to restore from his notes and etchings taken at the time the lectures and incidents which cast a halo around that rural home of Göthe's "extraordinary generous seeking." These lectures were discursive, but relate chiefly to Natural History or Physiology. Our editorial notes shall be as brief as possible, and are only designed as stage-lights,—valuable for the light they cast on the scene, themselves the better the less they are seen. In this first paper we can do little more than give miniatures of the Doctor and his pupils amidst their Arcadian life—an interest in these being of the first importance to those who would follow them in their search for knowledge.

The Doctor himself, then, was about five feet,—but, no! such a man as Einbohrer ought not to be described in prose; and being myself no poet, I will just invade Mr. Robert Browning's English copyright so far as to quote his description of another German

Professor, which portrays ours to some extent, and may be found in the "Christmas Eve:"

Hist! a buzzing and emotion!  
 All settle themselves, the while ascend;  
 By the creaking rail to the lecture-desk,  
 Step-by-step, deliberate,  
 Because of his cranium's overfreight,  
 Three parts sublime to one grotesque,  
 If I have proved an accurate guesser,  
 The hawk-nosed, high-cheek-boned Professor.  
 . . . And when each glance was upward sent,  
 Each bearded mouth composed intent,  
 And a pin might be heard drop a half a mile hence,  
 He pushed back higher his spectacles,  
 Let the eyes stream out as lamps from cells,  
 And giving his head of hair—a hake  
 Of undrest tow for color and quantity—  
 One rapid and impatient shake,  
 The Professor's grave voice, sweet though hoarse,  
 Broke into his wonderful discourse.

Three subtractions, and you might think Browning had seen the very man: 1. He never was known to give his head a rapid or slow shake; 2. He wore no spectacles; 3. His nose was not a hawk-nose. Opinions differ about his nose.

The portraits of the pupils must be given very succinctly. Van Chunk and Van Stammer had known the Professor at Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, and had accompanied him ever after, even to America, saying, "Entreat us not to leave thee nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest we will go; and where thou lodgest we will lodge: thy people shall be our people," and so forth. Their faces always said this plainly, as they sat on either side of him in the lecture-room, wing-like.

Van Chunk consisted of florid flesh and blood; head and face constituting an exact sphere; moon-like; three-fourths in eclipse by reason of hair and whiskers (red). His body was generally spherical, and his walk suggestive of diurnal revolutions.

Van Stammer was of a long meagre body, sore-eyed, flaxen-haired, wan with a cough; suspected of having a Mephistophelian tendency to metaphysics and midnight oil-burning. A rumor existed that he had once been heard to speak of the Absolute.

Erasmus House was not at all suspected of any dealings with

the Absolute or any thing else, except horses and hunting dogs. Innocent of an idea, he was very honest; and I make no doubt were he overlooking me now would cry as urgently as Dogberry, "Masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass!"

Peter, his brother, was our handsome pupil, about eighteen, spirited, humorous; but without devotion to science, and strongly suspected of insinuating pins into our chairs—especially Van Stammer's. This propensity often caused the grave Einbohrer also a great deal of pain.

Of the fifth and last the less said the better, as we fear already the reader is suspecting him of being the Dr. with the *Ein* off his name.

---

#### GEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.

---

NOT half a century ago, Thomas Chalmers, an eminent Scotch divine, undertook the reconciliation of theology to geology. He saw that the latter could not be reconciled to the former. So he had nothing to do but to reconcile the former to the latter, or abandon the pretension for the Bible to superhuman origin. He had seen that the church had lost the battles, in its undertaking to withstand astronomy and physiology. In rising geology he now saw an enemy to superstition no less formidable. In surrendering, he displayed tactics, if not integrity. Bannatyne, one of his students, came over to the United States in the same service. The writer of this paper heard him in Vermont. He was a model of Scotch scholarship and eloquence, was laborious and enthusiastic. But he had undertaken a task that no man is equal to. He soon died of inflammation of the brain. Hugh Miller followed in the same undertaking, and found a like fate. Both were men worthy, it would seem, of a better destiny. It does appear a pity that superstition should continue to have such sacrifices.

Dr. Boynton, who has recently been endeavoring to do something in the same direction, in Cincinnati, is a man of different mold, and will scarcely sacrifice himself. He thinks too much of science to make himself dangerously anxious in support of superstition. The writer heard his last lecture in Cincinnati, and took

notes. His main effort was to make a distinction between *creating* and *making*, as set forth in the first of Genesis : to *create* was to form *something* from *nothing* ; to *make* was to form things from materials previously *created*. The creation was countless ages before man was made. He pretended to Hebrew scholarship, some of which a Jewish doctor of divinity present pronounced "humbug." The writer will endeavor to make plain, perspicuous English suffice for exposing the imposture.

The Doctor went back to Egyptian hieroglyphics to establish Jewish opportunities for knowledge of astronomy. But what is thus to become of the pretension for the Genesis to infallible inspiration from a source of infinite wisdom ? Not a word did we get from the Doctor in this regard. 'Twas Egyptian pictures for it on the pyramids, — not the finger-marks of Jehovah on tables of stone carried about in an ark ; nor yet the marks of a *stylus*, nor of any manner of engraver's instrument, in the hand of Moses or of Ezra, guided by the unerring hand of Jehovah.

Is it to be supposed that Dr. Boynton believes the Bible writers understood, or were any wise instructed in, or inspired with knowledge of, geology and astronomy as they are now understood ? If their language is not without meaning, if it teaches anything, it shows their idea to have been that the earth was the principal thing ; that the sun, moon, and stars were its tributaries, and created subsequently to it ; that these all were created during a hundred and forty-four consecutive hours ; that the earth was flat and immovably laid on foundations ; and that its tributaries went around it. At this last point let Martin Luther speak. He says of Copernicus : "This fool will turn the whole art of astronomy upside down, but the Scripture sheweth and teacheth another lesson, when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth." The Bible writers teach every other man what they taught Martin Luther in this matter ; those who have been otherwise taught and are entertaining different views have received those views from more reliable sources. Astronomy, as it is, came from wiser men, and better instructed, than wrote the Bible. The god of the book of Job asks him : "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ? Who hath laid the measures thereof ? or who hath stretched the line upon it ? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ? or who laid the corner-stone thereof ?" The translators tell us that the word *foundations* in



this latter instance may signify *sockets*, and that the word *fastened* may signify *made to sink*. Making to sink into sockets was thought to have been a fundamental work in laying the foundations, that the earth might be immovably fastened! In the Proverbs of Solomon, wisdom personified is made to say: "When He appointed the foundations of the earth, then I was by him." In Isaiah, the writer speaks of "The Lord thy maker that hath stretched forth the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth;" and the same writer again: "That I may plant the heavens and lay the foundations of the earth." The writers of the New Testament books called Matthew, John, Peter and Revelation, manifestly had the same views.

Now for the *days*. The modern Bible geologists are teaching that the "six days" may be construed to mean six indefinite periods of time, each of immeasurable length. It is an imposition. The Bible writers had no such thought. Their language signifies no such thing. "And the evening and the morning were the first day," the "second day," and so on. The translators tell us this may be translated: "And the evening was, and the morning was;" as much as to say, either way translated: The day consisted of, or embraced, evening and morning. In the 20th chapter of Exodus it is written: "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day." Here sophistry, subterfuge, and evasion may as well stop. The number and length of days the god had worked was the number and length of days men might work; and the day for rest the same length. The language admits of no other interpretation. Nothing inconsistent with this plain meaning of these passages was forced upon the corresponding passages in Genesis, or thought of, till the rule making the end to sanctify the means was brought in, as a *dernier resort*, to make a way of escape from legitimate conclusions arrived at in the light of geology. Such a thing was not thought of fifty years ago. An eminent philologist of that time says: "In six days God made the world, and all the things that are in it." These six days meant with him a hundred and forty-four hours; he understood from the Bible, as all biblists understand, that the earth, and all pertaining to it and in connection with it, were, in that length of time, brought

into existence by supernatural power, exerted by the being they sometimes call Jehovah. In any and all the dictionaries of the English language up to that time, there is not a definition, in all the range of topics touching this subject in the least or in the greatest, from the Alpha to the Omega of them all, varying from this view. As elsewhere intimated, any views varying from this are derived, not from the Bible writers, but from men better informed in the facts.

A question here:—Though, in the view of Dr. Boynton and those who believe with him, there be nothing in the making up of the original *man*, irreconcilable with geology, what of the making up of the *woman*? Here is a small affair that all the bibliogeologists pass over. Small as it is, it is alone sufficient to spoil their theory. Here is indisputably a supernatural work; there is nothing geological about it—it is purely theological. Now, what is gained by straining and perverting language to make out the male to have been made up *naturally*, and then be forced to admit the female to have been made up *supernaturally*? How much less was this production of the female than a *creation*? It seems to be somewhere between the Doctor's creation and his formation. Will he call it a *lusus nature*? Let it be nameless. But it can not be thought he believes a word of this particular part of the story. If he does believe it, he might as well believe that the male was molded out of a piece of clay! He might as well believe in either of these as to believe in the bringing of something out of nothing. The Bible is equally good authority for building a female out of a male's rib, as for anything it says about the making of the male, or the creating of the materials to make him of. Why does Dr. Boynton believe in such a creation as he would have us think the Bible teaches? Does it look at all rational to him? Is it not, rather, that he must take the Bible *authority* for it in one way or another; that he fears to decline doing what the Bible bids him, when it tells him he must believe or be damned, evidence or no evidence? Has he yet to learn that fidelity to inevitable convictions is better than fealty to an inexorable master?

Another item here,—the flood. Totally theological again: nowise geological. The Bible teaches it to have been a supernatural affair, for a special purpose,—teaches that it was particularly instituted as a punishment,—that there would have been no

such thing, if man had obeyed the command and fulfilled the design of his creator. Other parts of the Bible besides the record in Genesis recognize it as a punishment. Job says: "Hast thou marked the old way which wicked men have trodden? which were cut down out of time? whose foundation was overflowed with a flood?" Peter says: "And spared not the old world, but saved Noah the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly." Do the biblio-geologists believe there was any such proceeding for such a purpose? How can they? For sufficient reasons; they'll be damned if they do not. The Bible is just as good authority for it—ark and all, with all living things in it, from the face of the earth, by twos and sevens, and food for them all, unless they fasted, during a hundred and fifty days—as it is for the rest. It is alike good for the idea that all the distinct races of men came from one original pair. It might as well have accompanied this with the idea that all the distinct races of horses, of cattle and of sheep, have originated from single pairs; and that the original females of all these, and of all the other animals, were constructed out of bones taken from the males.

Now, the record in regard to the making of the female out of a rib taken from the male, the instituting of the flood, the taking of Moses and the Israelites through the Red Sea, and drowning the Egyptians behind them, and many other kindred proceedings, are all exceedingly plain matters. Is their plainness, their indisputableness, a reason why these pretenders leave them untouched? Certain it is, the passages they theorize from are not so perspicuous. To sustain Dr. Boynton's doctrine, it should read, "In the beginning God created the materials; afterward he used the materials in making things."

But what is gained by this modern interpretation of the text? The power to *create*, in accordance with this hypothesis, must be more than the power to *make*. If the bringing of something out of nothing in the outset—"in the beginning"—did not *exhaust* the creative power, and if that power has at no time since *been* exhausted, it is equal to *creating men*—forming them from nothing—to-day; was equal to this work six thousand years ago, six thousand millions of years ago, six thousand millions of ages ago, or any other number of millions of this vast period. So it is no more unphilosophical to say—as all Bible theology did say, until

geology contradicted and confuted it—that man was supernaturally *created*, six thousand years ago, than to say he was at that time, or any other time, *made* out of materials that had been previously formed from nothing. The presumption for creative power must be, that it is *unlimited*. Power to form one thing from nothing, is power to form another thing from nothing. Power to form gas from nothing, is power to form man from nothing. Power to form man from nothing at any one time, is power to form man from nothing at any other time.

It is weakness, and not strength—loss, and not gain—that geologic-theologians have commenced this retreat,—making the admission that man was *not created*. When it is admitted that certain materials were necessary, and available conditions of these materials equally necessary, to the formation of man—it being at the same time another necessary link of this philosophy, that the available conditions of these materials did not exist anterior to the moment they came into use—it may as well be fully and frankly admitted that the whole has been quite a *natural* process. It may as well be admitted, in a word, that man could not have existed before grass; and that grass could not have existed before granite; and that granite could not have existed before gas. Finally, it may as well be admitted that it could not have been otherwise than it has been.

After all this, it may just as well be admitted—for it must be—that there is no power exterior to the Universe; that all materials are parts of Nature; that they have always existed, and will always exist. Whoever will say it is difficult to conceive of the eternal existence of the materials, in ceaseless changes, let him answer to himself the question how he can better conceive of their non-existence, in the past or in the future. Let him try to conceive of power to bring them out of nothing, and return them to nothing—this power having existed eternally by itself alone, before it exerted itself in forming something from nothing; and then continuing eternally alone by itself, after uncreating the something and returning it to nothing. Think of *such* power existing and dwelling by itself unemployed! *Cui bono?*

How much easier, how much more rational, to think of the power and the materials running parallel,—to think of the power inhering in the materials! Power in them we know of. Power out of them we know nothing of. The most dormant of them

are exerting their power perpetually. No two particles of them are ever in the same relations during two successive moments of time. This perpetual motion is confessedly manifest on magnificent scales. Less manifest, but not less a fact, in proportion as the scales lessen. In the whirling of the spheres, in the rotation of the seasons, in the doings of waters and fires—of earthquakes and volcanoes—in the organization and dissolution of man and other animals, and of vegetables, the change is recognizable, indicating the power. In the granite it is less manifest. In this, to the constant looker-on, it may not be manifest during days or weeks,—scarcely may it be during months or years. But look now at a cathedral in Europe that has been standing unfinished during many centuries. High up on its unfinished walls the stones have changed to soil, to a depth that is producing luxuriant growths of sweet-briars and other vegetables. In time, these vast walls will all be soil—so much of them as does not pass off into the atmosphere—and all their parts and particles, in the atmosphere and out, together with all the parts and particles of all other things, will exert their power, do their work, in the round of making vegetables, animals, planets and suns, as they have always been doing.

---

## BLOSSOMS AND LEAVES.

A PARAMYTH BY RICHTER.

MAY came, and the blossoms, pale and thin, fell from the trees; then said the leaves: "Behold these puny things, how useless! hardly have they seen the light before they fade and die; but we, we grow stronger, enduring the heat of summer, which serves only to make us larger, more brilliant, and more luxuriant, until at last, after many months of usefulness, when we have raised the most beautiful fruit, and given it to the children of earth, we sink into our graves ornamented with the colors of many orders, while the thunders of autumnal storms roll over our heads." But the fallen blossoms said: "Willingly do we abandon life now; for we have fulfilled our mission; we have given birth to the fruit that is to live after us."

Be not discouraged, ye silent, unnoticed men of books, though ye pass away quickly! Ye little-esteemed martyrs in the school-

room—ye noble benefactors of mankind, whose names are not inscribed upon the tablets of history—and you, mothers, whose lot is to dwell in obscurity,—be not discouraged in the presence of the proud statesmen, the rich merchant princes, the haughty conquerors,—be not discouraged, for you are the *blossoms*.

---

### THE ATTRIBUTE OF WINGS.

[From the French of Toussenet.]

IN some interesting tribes of insects, as that of the ants, who hold virginity in high esteem, the right of bearing wings and rising into the air belongs only to the choir of vestals. She who has loved punishes herself for her innocent weakness by tearing with her own hands her virginal tunic. An analogous custom is observed in Eutopia, whence the incomparable purity of morals has always excluded deceptions in love. The crown of white roses is the sign of the vestalate: the young girl who has registered her departure from the vestalate, and bravely renounced the numerous privileges attached to this title, a little later reveals this to all by appearing at public ceremonies with her brow garlanded with a crown of red roses. I do not dissimulate my lively admiration of an institution which introduces loyalty into all social affections, and banishes falsehood and hypocrisy from the hearth of our intimate affections. • Respect for the rights of happy love instinctively seeks an environment of shade and solitude.

I remark in passing, that it is the history of the Ant which has lent to modern mythology the myth of the Sylphide—a graceful and charming myth, which Marie Taglioni, queen of the dance, formerly translated in immortal pirouettes on the choreographic scenes of the French Opera. The Sylphide is, like the winged Ant, a virgin of the air, whose wings fall at the first kiss of love.

The history of the butterfly confirms still more vigorously than that of the Ant this view of the glorious attribute of wings.

When the foul caterpillar, which lives only for its belly, has devoured enough, the breath of the generative power which goes forth over the waters, the forests and the plains, to watch over the conservation of beings, warns the caterpillar that it is time to arrest the development of the individual, and to think of the interest of the species. The caterpillar, warned, stops eating, and fixing

itself at the extremity of the stalk it has denuded, weaves the crystal where its mysterious transformation is accomplished. After which the crawling insect, which has sloughed its dress of misery, darts from its silken prison under form of an aerial sylph, with gold and azure wings, which only lives upon perfume, sunshine and love, and asks its companion of all the corollas of flowers, less coquettish, less adorned than itself.

This metamorphosis of the caterpillar into the butterfly symbolizes the passage from the lymbic society, ruled by men and by constraint, into the harmonian society, where every one obeys only the sovereign of his choice, and where the perfumed nectar of flowers images the refined delights of labor in a suitable environment, and shared by woman, for whom Nature reserves her most elaborate toilet. Now in our time is the dark and mysterious period of incubation for the future harmony.

Analogy, which is the mother of poetry and science, has also long represented this metamorphosis as the image of the immortality of the soul, and of the transition from the miseries of the terrestrial life to the delights of the ultra-mundane life. I regret not being free to elucidate this interesting question; but I have sworn to keep to myself all that I know about the endless charms of the aro-mal life.

O men, my fellows, you who have only to stoop, in order to see and to learn from the humblest creatures the secret of happy destinies, how long still will the silly blindness of pride condemn you to crawl in the sewers of misery? What bloody lessons, and what painful experiences do you still await in order to proclaim the advent of your Queen Woman, and to confess attractive labor? But let us at last grant speech to the Bird which asks it, impatient to sing in his turn all the virtues of Spring. Few are as bold as the bird in the definition of their dominant passion. It calls *love the torch of virtue*. This definition is very just. The birds love much, some of them love always. It is the tribe of creatures privileged by the Lord; for the favor of Heaven is measured for each being by the power of loving which it has received.

And as God has done nothing by halves, he has taken care to lavish on these charming creatures the gifts which attract love. He has expanded profusion on the mantle of the colibri, of the peacock, of the bird of paradise and the golden pheasant: rubies, sapphires, emeralds, topazes, the most brilliant and best assorted



tints of the scale of colors. So likewise He has chosen, in the gamut of sounds, the sweetest notes to accentuate the voice of the humble song-bird. The bird is after man the only creature that can thank God by its joyous songs. But the heart of man and that of the bird must be satisfied before their voice can sing. To pray is to sing one's happiness.

And as love is a passion of luxury, whose integral expansion requires for its first conditions wealth, a warm air, a blue and limpid heaven, God has gifted the bird with the faculty of rapid locomotion, which permits it to accompany the sun in its course, and to realize the Utopia of eternal Spring. The swallow and the turtledove, those happy models of fidelity or conjugal tenderness, ignore the cold of seasons as that of the heart. A woman has written that "the sighs of Eolian harps resounding in the warm countries of the South are the accords with which amorous Nature accompanies the songs of lovers." Love's tasks are easy for the birds, among whom health and beauty and abundance are common as the air and sunshine—so it is among men in the period of harmony.

When Liberty, that incompressible spring of the soul towards happiness, enkindles a human breast, the first movement of the inspired is to raise his eye towards heaven, the domain of the bird, and to open the arms like wings, to take possession of space.

At the age of prolonged hopes and roseate visions, when the bells sound in the air the name of the angel beloved; when the stars write it on the vault of heaven; when the two halves of one being, tremulously floating on the currents of their opposite electricities, seek each other and conspire to return within their primordial unity—then the ardent imagination of the lover experiences the desire of incarnating in an aerial form the adored ideal. The poets who invented angels were lovers, since all angels are female.

At your twentieth year, you have sometimes felt in sleep your lightened body leave the sod and glide off into space, defended by invisible spirits against the law of gravitation. It was a revelation which God then made to you and a foretaste of the enjoyments of the aërial life, that life whence we have issued and to which we shall one day return, at the end of this terrestrial existence, which is to the superior life what sleep is to waking. We envy the lot of the birds, and we lend wings to her whom we love, because we feel by instinct that in the sphere of happiness,

our bodies will enjoy the faculty of traversing space, as the bird wings its way through the air.

And thus it will be with all our desires and all our aspirations. Since they are the promises of God who can not deceive.

The bird, lively, graceful and light, reflects by preference images adorable, young, sweet and pure.

Jehovah, the God of the Jews, said to his people by the mouth of Isaiah : "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run, and not be weary ; they shall walk, and not faint."—(xl. 31.)

The blessed St. Francois d'Assise said to his sisters the birds, "Love God who has clothed you with feathers and given you power to fly in the heavens."

This perpetual aspiration of man, and especially of woman, towards the ethereal spheres is, then, one of the most legitimate developments of human nature. The obscurantists of antiquity have with cowardice applauded the fall of Icarus, first inventor of the balloon, saying that the gods had punished him for going too near the sun. The obscurantists of those times were kneaded of the same dough as those of to-day, who suffer horribly at seeing any one rise above them ; but we who are neither moralists nor envious, and who are better than our fathers, we should give tears to the fall of Icarus and erect statues to him, as well as to Prometheus, who discovered fire.

If man, from Icarus, down to Mongolfier and Petin, has constantly tended to invade the domain of the bird, which forms an integral part of his globe, it is because God has somewhere lodged in a secret corner of his brain the idea of this future conquest, so that it should serve as a compass and spur to his scientific efforts. Aërial locomotion is in fact the first condition of the realization of the unity and fraternity of peoples, the supreme aim of science. It is the normal locomotion in every direction, which resumes all the others. The light aërostat with immense proportions is the chariot of fire that passes over the waters, the vessel which sails over the surface of the continents, that smiles at the fury of the elements and glides above the storm, ignoring obstacles, but everywhere respecting the work of God, dispensing us from the toil of filling up valleys and boring through mountains, unlike the homicidal locomotive which the stock-jobber has dishonored.

Now the genius of man, docile to the indications of instinct,

has already planted his banner in the region of clouds ; he has climbed higher than the eagle and the condor, and the hour is not far when he will reign as sovereign master in the field of the Emyrean. On this day tariffs, tyrannies and nationalities will vanish as by enchantment from all points of the globe, and man will have nothing more to envy the bird, unless the privilege of eternal ardor. And still, who knows if this good fortune will not come like the rest ? Women will be so adorable, so touching, and so proud, constancy will be so easy to them, when they shall be restored the right of freely disposing of their hearts !

The life of the bird is but an epithalamium. The bird exists only to love. Its splendid dress, its melodious songs, its talent as an architect, its courage, its cunning, are all gifts of Love. The people of birds is devoted soul and body to the worship of Venus, and the grateful goddess has never chosen to attach to her car any but winged coursers. The bird born of the egg naturally adopts the form of the ellipse, curve of love. The blood-globule, spherical in the beast and in man, is elliptical in the bird.

All birds change their plumes once a year. This is called moulting ; many species moult twice : birds have the full costume for love and the common suit for traveling, the spring plumage and the fall plumage. Like the gallant gentleman, the male makes himself fine, and dons his most brilliant suit only in order to please. Like Anacreon's minstrel, he tunes his lyre only to draw from it love songs.

Ἡ λύρη δὲ  
Ἐρωτὰς ἀντεφώνει.

The fine season past, adieu plumage, adieu song, adieu the passion for the fine arts, and for music in the open air. I know no two creatures more dissimilar in exterior and in mind than the Ruff in the month of May and the same bird in September. I defy the common hunter to recognize, at first sight, in the simple grey-coated Sandpiper, quietly pacing at mid-August the banks of Armorica, the ferocious Ruffler which he met under the same latitude three months before, casque on head and lance in vest, inspecting himself, parading, swelling in his ruffles, and challenging every knight of his own degree for the honor of his ladies. Between the amorous Ruffler of the spring and the same bird satiated in the fall, there is, alas ! the same distance as between the adolescent and the old man.

## THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

## JUSTICE.

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

*Golden Rule.*

He who fastens a chain about his brother's neck, God will surely fasten the other about his own.

*Lamartine.*

To strengthen the Unjust is to injure the Just.

Peace without Justice is not Peace, but a truce of War.

Policy which shuts its eyes to Justice is pernicious folly.

*F. W. Newman.*

This even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice

To our own lips.

*Shakspeare.*

Truth is its handmaid, Freedom is its child, Peace is its companion, Safety walks in its steps, Victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation of the Gospel; it is the greatest attribute of God. It is that centre round which human motives and passions turn; and Justice, sitting on high, sees genius, and power, and wealth, and birth revolving round her throne, and teaches their paths and marks out their orbits; and warns with a loud voice, and rules with a strong hand, and carries order and discipline into a world which, but for her, would be a wild waste of passions.

*Sydney Smith.*

Jamshid was the first person who put an edging round his garment and a ring upon his finger. They asked him, "Why did you bestow all the decoration on the left hand whilst the right is superior?" He answered, "Sufficient for the right is the ornament of being right."

*Saadi.*

The Nurakh sages ask, What use is there for a prophet in this world? A prophet is necessary on this account, that men are connected with each other in the affairs of life: therefore rules and laws are indispensable that all may act in concert; that there may be no injustice in giving, or taking, or partnership, but that the order of the world may endure. And it is necessary that these rules should proceed from Mezdam, that all men may obey them.

*The Desatir.*

The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter.

*Is this one of us, or is he a stranger?* is the enumeration of the ungenerous ; but to those by whom liberality is practised the whole world is but as one family.

*Veeshnoo Sarma.*

Justice, being destroyed, will destroy ; being preserved, will preserve ; it must therefore never be violated. Beware, O judge, lest justice, being overturned, overturn both us and thyself.

Injustice, committed in this world, produces not fruit immediately, but, like the earth, in due season ; and advancing, by little and little, it eradicates the man who committed it.

*The Laws of Menu.*

Modern Societies recognize the principle that each citizen increases the domain of his own liberty by sharing it with his fellows.

*Carnot.*

Storms are gathering over the seat of injustice. Prosperity gained at the expense of Humanity flows from a source which time will necessarily dry up.

*Passy.*

If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God ; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter that man with Justice.

Thefts never enrich ; alms never impoverish.

Of course, whilst another man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated.

If a humane measure is propounded in behalf of the Slave, or the Irishman, or the Catholic, or for the succor of the poor, that sentiment, that project, will have the homage of the hero. That is his nobility, his oath of Knighthood, to succor the helpless and oppressed ; always to throw himself on the side of weakness, of youth, of hope, on the liberal, on the expansive side, never on the defensive, the conserving, the timorous, the lock-and-bolt system.

What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word *politic*, which now for ages has signified *cunning*, intimating that the State is a trick ?

Governments have their origin in the moral identity of men.

Fear not, then, thou child infirm ;  
There's no god dare wrong a worm.

*Emerson.*

The Bey of Tunis, in abolishing slavery throughout his dominions, declared that he did so "in honor of God and to distinguish man from the brute creation."

## QUATRAINS.

*Gardener.*

True Brahmin, in the morning meadows wet,  
 Expound the Vedas of the violet,  
 Or, hid in vines, peeping through many a loop,  
 See the plum reddened and the beurré stoop.

*Northman.*

The gale that wrecked you on the sand,  
 It helped my rowers to row ;  
 The storm is my best galley hand,  
 And drives me where I go.

*From Alcuin.*

The sea is the road of the bold,  
 Frontier of the wheat-sown plains,  
 The pit wherein the streams are rolled,  
 And fountain of the rains.

*Nature.*

Boon Nature yields each day a brag which we now first behold,  
 And trains us on to see the new, as if it were the old ;  
 But blest is he, who, playing deep, yet happy asks not why,  
 Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.

*Natura in minimis.*

As sings the pine tree in the wind,  
 So sings in the wind a sprig of the pine ;  
 Her strength and soul has laughing France  
 Shed in each drop of wine.

*Orator.*

He who has no hands  
 Perforce must use his tongue :  
 Foxes are so cunning  
 Because they are not strong.

*Poet.*

To clothe the fiery thought  
 In simple word succeeds ;  
 For still the craft of genius is  
 To mask a king in weeds.

*Artist.*

Quit the hut, frequent the palace—  
 Reck not what the people say ;  
 For still where'er the trees grow biggest  
 Huntsmen find the easiest way.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection; Or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life.* By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., Fellow of the Royal, Geological, Linnean, etc., Societies, etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

In this great conflict of truth with error, between which the line is becoming more defined every day, "the fence" itself having become so razor-like that those who sit thereon are divided asunder, nothing is more encouraging than to find men earnest and true enough for self-correction. James Martineau coming forth recently to withdraw the assertion made in his *Rationale*, published some years since, that he did not believe that Anti-Supernaturalists could be rightly regarded as Christians, has bound every one of his friends more closely to him. He who can not be humble, can never be exalted; and he who can not leave his former self for present truth, will have to make at last the confession of a warrior upon an inferior field: "I have lost a great battle, and entirely by my own fault."

Charles Darwin, in the full knowledge that he opposes Agassiz, and the majority of his equals in eminence throughout the world, also, that he will be classified with Sciolists, such as the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, has yet come forth and announced and corrected his error of opinion thus:

"Although much remains obscure, and must long remain obscure, I can entertain no doubt, after the most deliberate judgment of which I am capable, that the view which most naturalists entertain, and which I formerly entertained—namely, that each species has been independently created—is erroneous. I am fully convinced that species are not immutable; but that those belonging to what are called the same genera, are lineal descendants of some other, and, generally, extinct species, in the same manner as the acknowledged varieties of any species are the descendants of that species. Furthermore, I am convinced that Natural Selection has been the main, but not the exclusive means of modification."

As may be expected from these brave words, Mr. Darwin goes forward to prove the point. It is very simple and grand: with Newton pondering the falling apple, Young, the aerial soap-bubble, Gothe, the bleached skull of a ram, deducing from these the central laws of Gravitation, Diffraction and Vertebration of the skull, we shall hereafter have to think of Darwin exploring the geologic strata in his pigeon-roost, and visiting the stalls of the sheep-breeders. What will the naturalists who have been compassing land and sea to find any variety or species, say to this philosopher who has found the fauna of Australia and California in his pigeon box aforesaid! "Sir," said Dr. Johnson to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage, than others in the tour of Europe."

The wonderful successes of the sheep-breeders seem first to have indicated to Darwin, that his theory had not taken in the full susceptibilities of form. Youatt had spoken of the principle of Selection as "that which enables the agriculturist not only to modify the character of his flock, but to change it altogether. It is the magician's wand by means of which he may summon into life whatever form and mould he pleases." Inquiring among the bird-fanciers and the horticulturists, he found, that from birds and plants of which he knew the parent-species, varieties quite as distinct as species had been cultivated by proper crossings. He tried this himself with pigeons, all of which he could prove to have originated with the rock-pigeon (*Columba livia*), and found that he could produce a given feather or beak, in a certain time. These results are; as every one knows, produced by fixing on the slightest advantageous difference which any individual presents, and training it into a variety.

When once this principle had been ascertained, all the results of science which had accumulated, all the reports of the continents came in to prove that *Nature was the first and most successful of Breeders*. The principle of Selection



was one that began with the first lichen on the first rock that broke from the cosmic ring. The awkward, the monstrous, the slow, the useless had, through their foes, beast or water or fire, become rare or extinct: the free, the fleet, the valuable had escaped and perpetuated themselves. Nature had been always seizing on differences, training them into varieties, rearing them into species. "Slow though the process of selection may be," says our author, "if feeble man can do much by his powers of artificial selection, *I can see no limit* to the amount of change, to the beauty and infinite complexity of the coadaptations between all organic beings, one with another and with their physical conditions of life, which may be effected in the long course of time by nature's power of selection."

We have given but the theme of this timely and excellent work, which brings with it inevitably the crisis of inquiry into this much discussed question of the origin of species. Owing to the theological exigency, which, finding historic records inadequate to the proof of supernaturalism, has fled to an imagined series of "independent creations" miraculously carried on in the strata of the earth, naturalists have been intimidated and the people befogged on the question of their own origin. Chasms have been opened up where God had built bridges; insulations superseded continents,—the lovers of truth were called on to dance to the pipes of discord and complexity. Where Reason had passed long since by her birthright to Music, lagging Science is now beginning to come; the walls which rise to such strains will endure.

---

*Sir Rohan's Ghost*: A Romance. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: For sale by G. S. Blanchard.

Whilst the savants of Europe were, with one consent, directing their telescopes to the point in the heavens where Leverrier had predicted a planet, and even when that planet slid down into the humblest glass of them all, some perturbations in the literary concave of Boston had directed all eyes to a spot whence one ray had shone; and sure enough there, nestling about the sun, a planet was revealed. *In a Cellar, Amber Gods, Sir Rohan's Ghost*: enough, these, to reveal the planet's relation to the ecliptic, perhaps; but not to compute her diameter, or the length of her year. Those who read *In a Cellar*, said, "Poe has made an Avatar;" the *Amber Gods* came, and they added, crossing themselves, "Heaven defend that this be not the Avatar of Siva the Destroyer rather!" We shared the vague apprehension, and when the Dæmon, who alone drives us to criticise anything, brought to us the apparition which we are about to notice, we cast the book shudderingly back to the Dæmon: "Is it not written that the worst poem ever written is better than the best criticism ever made upon it? Criticise it yourself!" Our Dæmon then wrote upon a bit of paper and handed us the following:

"When the soul of a violin is caught and held in a violoncello, what follows? 'Sad perplexed minors': worse, struggles with destiny, music fevered to the verge of discord and shrieking. Do you not know the meaning of all this picturing of wine-cellar, amber-fates (so it should have been written), charms, spells, serpent-rings? It is not only literal intoxication, but real: label all of them with this sentence from Wilkinson: 'Joy, too, the wine of the Soul, will kill by its abundance and unexpectedness, and yet it is next of kin to the life that its overmuchness withers. High truth intoxicates those not fit to drink it; causing oftentimes madness from its misapprehension and abuse; causing still more frequently need of rest, to recover from its dazzling revelations.'"

Enough of the Dæmon. Yet we could not help feeling that he was partly right. It was our fortune to pass straight from *Counterparts* to the *Amber Gods*, the best thing, in some regards, which our author has written; it was like passing from a delicious Turkish bath, which filled every sense with aromas from Araby the Blest, to a cold plunge from Plum Island. In the latter the male and female characters change places; instead of Rose and Miss Dudley, we have Mr. Rose and Mr. Dudley,—Nona is Bernard, Lu is Sarona. This is unconscious, doubtless, on the part of the writer, but it is inevitable; it is what

a violoncello *must* do. It can know nothing higher than incarnation, the descent of the higher into the lower; apotheosis, the ascent of the lower to the higher—that is for violins and skylarks.

The future of our author depends on her acceptance of—nay, her joy in—her destiny; Perseus and Liberty will visit her only when she is bound to that rock. We are sorry to see, in *Sir Rohan's Ghost*, that she is not thus content, not peaceful. When we got through, we almost felt as if we had been in the terrible studio of a Parrhasia, who had remorselessly stabbed every character that passed, that she might portray its writhings,—and when the catastrophe came, we rushed out, hearing only—

Gods! could I paint a dying groan!

And yet, when we reflected what portraiture that was, what visions of roseate skies, dew, light, conscious nature, gleamed in every drop of that wine, we forgot that we were in a cellar; we can not remember many saloons for which we would leave this cellar,—it must be a real Cremona which would draw us from our violoncello! Come, now, the tuning of the instrument has been sufficient, we await the theme—the theme; there is but one for her who wrote this book, whatever be the experimental snatches we have had. Yes—

Flower o' the peach,  
Death for us all, and his own life for each!

---

*Poems of Two Friends.* Columbus: Follet, Foster & Co. 1860.

Damon and Pythias here make their literary appearance in some lyrics worthy of their promise, and in costume worthy of our most superior Western publishing house. Mr. Piatt is all aglow, but his fire is not smokeless; he knows what it is to walk the street in its solemn morning silence, and from manifold sleepers rises to him "the still, sad music of humanity,"—but there is too much swarm about his awakened feelings. If he will not think us inclined to be mystical, we will, fully remembering the many exquisite passages for which our heart thanks him, remind him that the vine, which intoxicates the world, is the most mathematical of plants. Mr. Howells has intellect and culture, graced by an almost Heinesque familiarity with high things; and if it were not for a certain fear of himself, we should hope that this work was but a prelude to his sonata. As it is, we are not sure that it would not be well to take the anti-publication pledge for a year or so. the time to be devoted to amputation of all classics and models who incline him to prefer a luxurious sedan to honest limbs given by nature. We should not venture to speak thus, had we not a real confidence in the genius and promise of the gentlemen who have written this most appetizing little book.

---

*A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions.* By Captain MCCLINTOCK, R.N., LL.D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: For sale by G. S. Blanchard.

This is an account of the North Pole at the latest dates, and is more interesting than anything on its subject save the work of the lamented Kane. Love will always have credit, outside of her own assigned realm, indeed in all realms: Sculpture originated, they say, in the effort of a potter's daughter to preserve her lover's face in the materials used by her father for his wares. And love, mingling its appeal with the sacred tones of a grief which asked only to *know* the fate of the lost one, sent this brave Englishman and his companions up into those regions where so many secrets await in silence and cold the hero who can wrest them from their icy prison. Something has been added to our knowledge in this work: a new strait discovered, the northernmost land of the American Continent touched, the hitherto unknown coast-line of Boothia southward to the Magnetic Pole laid down, and King William's Island delineated. The work is thrilling, and the maps and illustrations complete.

*A Familiar Forensic View of Man and Law.* By ROBERT B. WARDEN. Columbus: Follet, Foster & Co. 1860.

Here is a work that puts "a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,"—not a light, airy Puck of a book either, but a corpulent, ponderous fellow. We will adhere to our "girdle" statement; Man, Law, Woman, Madness, Pathology, the Church, Mind-Force, Etiology, etc., etc. (etc. *ad infinitum*), are blown out by this writer like so many soap-bubbles out of a pipe. We observe, with pain, that we have mixed metaphors in that sentence, but we attribute it boldly to the proximity of this book. Seriously, 'tis a pity that men should wander so far from the affairs that they can attend to; we do not say that this author can not do anything on earth from making a Democratic stump-speech up to hardware; but we do protest that he had as well try to obtain hard muscle by pitching feathers as to do any good by philosophical writing.

The mechanical portion of the work is excellent.

*Sermons on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians*: delivered at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A., the Incumbent. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

To Captain McClintock or Kane, mapping out the resources and channels of the Ice King's realms, our debt is great; to Espy and Maury, delineating the inviolable channels of the winds, it is even greater; but so long as men feel themselves to be moving about in an element higher than earth or air or water or fire, a supersensual element, so long will the heart reserve its deepest tribute for those who help to give it the chart of its holy destiny and open the channels of faith and love. To many has this pure and refined spirit done this highest service which man can do for his fellow. The present work, though not so valuable to the general reader as the three volumes of Sermons which have preceded it, is equal to either in reality, abounding in passages of rare depth and eloquence.

*Life Without and Life Within*; or, *Reviews, Narratives, Essays and Poems.* By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. Edited by her brother, ARTHUR B. FULLER. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase. 1860.

Nowhere more than with *The Dial*, the very name of which is luminous with the rays of thought which America's representative woman cast upon that of which ours aspires to be an Avatar, can this collection of Margaret Fuller's current literary labors be more joyfully welcomed. "The only true criticism of any good books may be gained by making them the companions of our lives." This is one of her own maxims, and we have so long attained such criticism with these works and others of hers, that to write of them seems like publishing criticisms of one's personal connections. No claim does the world wait to hear established in favor of Margaret Fuller's genius, or solemn mission, or her fulfilment: surely we shall attempt no such task. These utterances of nearly twenty years ago read to-day as the vital warnings and promises of the present; ever old, ever young, they partake of the inexhaustableness of sunsets and auroral flashes and snow-crystals. A few of these crystals we have gathered here.

"The idea that Literature calls men to the genuine Hierarchy is almost forgotten."

"History will inscribe his (Emerson's) name as a father of his country, for he is one who pleads her cause against herself." "The words uttered in those tones floated awhile above us, then took root in the memory, like winged seeds."

"Wine is the most brilliant and intense expression of the powers of the earth. It is her potable fire, her answer to the sun."

"The stars tell all their secrets to the flowers, and, if we only knew how to look around us, we should not need to look above."

"One sacrifice of the temporal to the eternal day is the grain of mustard seed which may give birth to a tree large enough to make a home for the sweetest singing birds. One moment of deep truth in life, of choosing not merely honesty, but purity, may leaven the whole mass."

"I have thought much whether Gothe did well in giving up Lili. That was the crisis in his existence. From that era dates his being as a 'Welt-weise;' the heroic element vanished irrecoverably from his character; he became an Epicurean and a Realist; plucking flowers and hammering stones instead of looking at the stars. How could he look through the blinds and see her sitting alone in her beauty, yet give her up for so slight reasons? He was right as a genius, but wrong as a character."

*Adela, the Octoroon.* By H. L. HOSMER. Columbus: Follet, Foster & Co.

The question is, whether Dion Bourcicault or our Toledo author is rightful discoverer of the romance of the Octoroon? A strong family likeness between them there certainly is, and they are both interesting. The story runs that this work was placed in MS. in the hands of a literary lady of New York to be criticised: a little bird whispered enough of it to Dion B. to suggest the New York Octoroon. Have you not observed that where two persons are said to look alike, you are struck with the perception that one is the original, the other the copy? so that whilst you would say Susan is like Fanny, you would never say, Fanny is like Susan? Thus it is that comparing with this book *the Octoroon* which Miss Kimberly is acting in our city, we think, the latter more genuine.

*The Public Life of Capt. John Brown.* By JAMES REDPATH. With an Auto-Biography of his Childhood and Youth. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. 1860.

This work contains the materials for the true life of the new Peter the Hermit, who sought to redeem the Holy Places of Humanity. This life must be written from a philosophic stand-point coordinate in elevation to Brown's intent, and must not justify to us Gideon and Samuel and the other model barbarians, whom we venerate at a distance of five thousand years, but would imprison for life in any civilized community. John Brown's method of dealing with slavery was apiece with his false theology and his uncultured mind; his virtue, his fidelity, are what makes the world fit to live in. Look not at the arrow, but the mark; so shall you read from these absorbing incidents a life which Mr. Redpath, with his honest but coarse pencil, can not portray.

A friend has handed us the following, which we give in lieu of a more detailed account of this intensely interesting book:

#### JOHN BROWN.

##### *Lines for Brackett's Bust.*

In thee hath sternly lived our fathers' heart,  
 Brave Puritan! Stout Standish had praised God  
 For such as thee; of Mayflower blood thou art,  
 And truer feet on Plymouth Rock ne'er trod!  
 Deep in thy pious soul devoutly burned  
 The Hebrew fire with Saxon fuel fed;  
 Thy honest heart all fear and cunning spurned;  
 Swift hand for action hadst thou, and wise head.  
 O good old man! the vigor of thy age  
 Shames into nobleness unmanly youth:  
 Honor enrolled thy name on her fair page  
 Ere thou wert dead, and ancient Faith and Truth,  
 Valor and justice shall thy fame uphold,  
 When our sons' sons shall hear thy story told.